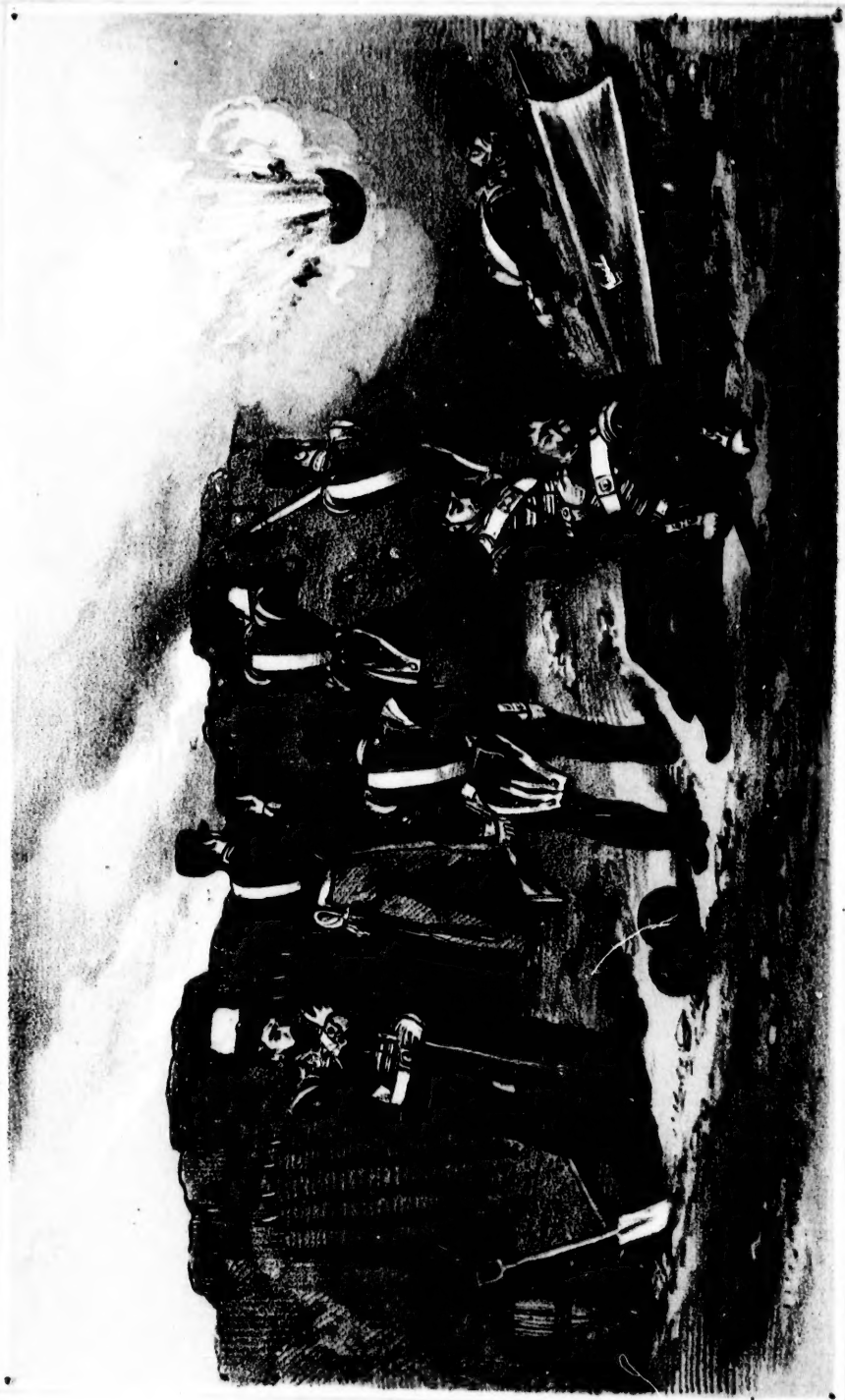




J. F. Alexander del.

STANDARD OF 1840

1947

PASSAGES

IN THE

LIFE OF A SOLDIER,

OR,

MILITARY SERVICE IN THE EAST AND WEST.

BY

LIEUT.-COLONEL

SIR JAMES E. ALEXANDER, KNT., K.C.L.S.

FELLOW OF THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL AND ASIATIC SOCIETIES, &c.

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CONTENTS

OF

THE SECOND VOLUME.

CHAPTER I.

Sevastopol—Recollections of a former Visit to it—Distribution of the besieging Armies—The Right and Left Attacks—Good spirit of the Soldiers—Their Duties in the Trenches—The General's Hut there—Casualties in the Valley of Death—Imprudence of young Soldiers—Hardships and sufferings of the Siege in Winter—Soldier's Song—Trench Life in Summer—Commissary-General Filder, C.B.—Lieut. Donelly, R.E.—Death of Captain Maunsell—A Hot Place—The Sailors of the Naval Brigade—Incidents of Trench Work—Sergeant O'Grady—Facetious Soldiers and Sailors—Return to Camp 1—34

CHAPTER II.

Admiral Boxer, C.B.—His Energy—His Death—The Frame Huts—How to manage a Tent—Effects of impure Water—The Sardinians—Sir William Eyre, K.C.B.—Admiral Michell, C.B.—A Bombardment—Lord Raglan—General Pelissier—Omar Pasha—The Mamelon assaulted and carried—Also the Quarries—Burial of the Dead—The Russian Hand-Mines—Anecdote of an American—Hospitals—Cholera from im-

prudence—The fourth Bombardment—Preparations for an Assault—Colonel Waddy and the Stormers—Casualties in the Woronzoff Road—Repulses at the Redan and Malakoff—The Honourable Captain Agar—English Navvies—Bad effects of Rum—Eyre's Brigade—Fight at the Cemetery—Lieutenant James, R.E., Captured—Divine Service 35—82

CHAPTER III.

Visit the French Works about the Mamelon—The Guards of the Trenches—How Embrasures should be blocked—Visit the French Works opposite the Bastion du Mât—Casualties—Examine a French Mine—Visit the French Lines at the Quarantine—Death of Lord Raglan—Funeral Procession to Kazatch Bay—Women in Camp—Trench Incidents—Ride to Vernutka—A Blast against Tobacco—Discover an Old Acquaintance—Story of Mr. Willis—Impatient Newspaper Articles—Anecdote of a Zouave—Ride to the Baidar Valley—A Land-Transport Sergeant—Mortality—Trench Anecdotes—Establish a Regimental Canteen—Gambling—Cooking—M. Soyer—Danger from the Sun's Heat
83—121

CHAPTER IV.

Sir James Simpson—Anticipated Fight—The Russians muster at the Tchernaya—Battle-field described—Russians assault the Fedouchine Heights—Desperate fight at the Traktir Bridge—The British Guns there—Defeat of the Enemy—Visit the Field of Battle—The slain and wounded—The Enemy fire on the Ambulance—Colonel Hamley, R.A.—The long-range Shot in Camp—A hot night in the Trenches—The Caves by Day—Effects of disobedience of orders—Dr. Home's Servant—Dreadful death of an Artilleryman—A Sailor tries to burn the Russian Ships of War . . . 122—148

CHAPTER V.

Effect of Rain-storms in Camp—Use of the Rail—Colonel Norcott's Misfortune—The Commissioners

CONTENTS.

V

M'Neil and Tulloch—The Duke of Newcastle—General Markham—Ladies at the Seat of War—Visit Miss Nightingale—Effects of Spirits after Amputations—Installation of the Order of the Bath—Sorties—Great Explosion at the Mamelon—The Rev. Mr. Cannon—The Siege recommended to be raised—Colonel Unett—The Long Range Balls in Camp—Mr. Russell, of the "Times"—The Russians case-mate their Batteries—The Naval Brigade Theatre.
149—174

CHAPTER VI.

Indications of a Crisis—A ladder Bridge—The Russian Ships at last touched—Horrors of a besieged City—A hot Bombardment—Bridge across the Harbour—The British siege Train—The state of the Trenches—Occurrences on the 7th September—The eventful 8th September—Distribution of Dragoons and Highlanders—The Third Division—Rencontre with General Pelissier—The Cannonading dies away at noon—Appearance of the Redan—Storming of the Malakoff—Assistance rendered by British Artillery—Colonel Strange, R.A.—Assault on the Redan—Generals Codrington and Markham—The Stormers repulsed—The causes of this investigated—The Sappers—The Killed and Wounded—General Wyndham—The French repulsed—Great Slaughter—Arrangements to renew the attack on the Redan—Violent explosions—Sevastopol in Flames and Evacuated—Examination of the Russian Works—Anecdotes of Sailors—Reflections on the Fall of Sevastopol 175—216

CHAPTER VII.

The Great Redan after the Assault—Danger from Magazines in Sevastopol—the Streets—The Creek Battery—The booty in the City—Story connected with Kazarski's Monument—The great Hospital and its horrors—The Queen's Message—Explore about Sevastopol—Anecdote of a French Drummer—Burning of the Steam Ships—Dangerous ground—United States' Commissioners—Prospects for the Winter—Road Making—

Turbaned Workmen—The Docks are mined—Drilling—
Anecdote of a Scotch Captain—The Rats—Cavalry
Review—Affairs at Eupatoria—Kertch—The Naval
Brigade broken up—Expedition to Kilburn—Reviews
of the Sardinian Army and the British Artillery—Sir
James Simpson leaves, and Sir William Codrington
becomes Commander-in-Chief . . . 217—246

CHAPTER VIII.

Inventory of the Stores found in Sevastopol—Trophies—
A Startling Calamity—Losses sustained by a Great Ex-
plosion—Sufferings of the French from Cold—Races—
War with the Raki sellers—The Sanitary Commission
—Extraordinary Escape of One of the Commissioners—
Steeple-chases—Dinner at Sir William Codrington's—
Cold Huts—The Guards' and Engineers' Messes—Ama-
teur Theatricals—Discovery of Antient Buildings—A
sudden move to the Marine Heights—Grand Review
—The Russians disposed to make Peace—Violent Death
of an esteemed Friend—The white Flag at the Traktir
Bridge—A Disaster on St. Patrick's Day—Peace—
Remains on the Field of Inkermann—More Reviews and
Athletic Games—Due respect shewn to the Dead—
Visit to my old Prison—The Field of the Alma—Man-
goup Kalé—Laspi—The South Coast—Leave the
Crimea for Malta—Arrive in England . . . 247—284

APPENDIX 285—310

PASSAGES
IN
THE LIFE OF A SOLDIER.

CHAPTER I.

Sevastopol—Recollections of a former Visit to it—Distribution of the besieging Armies—The Right and Left Attacks—Good spirit of the Soldiers—Their Duties in the Trenches—The General's Hut there—Casualties in the Valley of Death—Imprudence of young Soldiers—Hardships and sufferings of the Siege in Winter—Soldier's Song—Trench Life in Summer—Commissary-General Filder, C.B.—Lieut. Donelly, R.E.—Death of Captain Maunsell—A Hot Place—The Sailors of the Naval Brigade—Incidents of Trench Work—Sergeant O'Grady—Facetious Soldiers and Sailors—Return to Camp.

THE household word, "Sevastopol," is attended with many strange, pleasing, and distressing recollections. "This fair and

false city," growing up from the small Tartar village of Aktiar, on the north side of a magnificent harbour, to the dimensions of a metropolis, with handsome public buildings, ornamented with tower and spire, and massive columns, with wide streets of capacious houses, and with suburbs extending to the east and west like the wings of a spread-eagle, was first known to the writer several years ago, when Field-Marshal Diebitch was victorious at the Balcan, and Admiral Greig commanded in the Black Sea. Several very agreeable excursions were made from Sevastopol in those days. The crypt town of Inkerman of the Tauri, who are said to have had human feasts, was examined; the city of the rock, Tchufut-Kalé of the Karaet Jews; the fortress of Mangoup Kalé of the Genoese; the charming valley of Baidar; the highly picturesque south coast was explored; Kaffa, Simpheropol, and the Tartar city of Bakteserai were visited. The unpleasant recollections of Sevastopol were those of a long detention in

quarantine after a voyage from the seat of war in a Russian frigate with the plague on board; of a confinement in the north fort, Severnaia, on suspicion of being an emissary of the government, after the unexpected visit to the harbour by Captain Lyons with the frigate *Blonde*, and a forced journey to St. Petersburg in winter as a prisoner, though previously a volunteer with the army; lastly, the bloodshed and loss of friends at the ever-memorable siege, and the long months spent on the bare, bleak, and dreary plateau of the Heracliotic Chersonese.

During the siege, and after it, the British divisions were pitched in white rows of tents to the south of the city, and the French occupied ground to the right and left of the British, ravines intersecting the encampments, and becoming deeper as they approached the ramparts of Sevastopol, which were thickened with well-rammed earth, and bristled with thousands of cannon.

The British force was divided into the Right and the Left attacks. The Right attack had to deal with the great Redan chiefly, and the works to the right and left of it. The attention of the Left attack was chiefly occupied by the Garden battery, the Crow's Nest and Street batteries. However "a shell from the Redan!" was nearly as familiar, as a warning, to those engaged on the Left attack as to their brethren on the Right.

Every evening during the hot summer months and the autumn of 1855, till the fall of the place, did two bodies of trench guards, 2,300 and 1,500 strong, march down the centre ravine and the Valley of Death to relieve those on duty in the trenches the previous twenty-four hours. A general was daily on duty in the trenches of each attack, a colonel commanded the trench guards, and subordinate officers commanded detachments of the regiments of which they were composed.

In the forenoon, the colonel got from

the brigade-major the details of the guards, he then took the pleasure of the general as to their disposal in the trenches, or was allowed to make his own arrangements, if considered capable of doing so, and it was a very responsible task. He went in the evening to meet the guards at the place of rendezvous at the head of one of the ravines, saw them march off, and accompanied one of the detachments into the trenches.

The men were in forage caps, red coatees, cross-belts, and dark trousers; they carried, with the light and handy Enfield rifle and bayonet, sixty rounds of ball-cartridge, their great-coats and water barrels; following them was a keg of rum, and last of all the stretchers—blood-stained—to carry the slain warrior to a hastily-prepared grave in the trenches, or the wounded soldier back to his hospital in camp, after being treated at a sheltered place in the trenches.

Though the men knew full well that

some of those who went nightly down to the trenches in the pride and strength of manhood would never come back, or would be borne helpless and in pain to their camp, there to lose a precious limb, or to die after a lingering illness in hospital, yet they went down always gaily, full of "chaff," and talk, and joke, though some of a grim nature certainly; and while marching down with parties, even singing and whistling as they went, it was distressing to think how transitory might be the joyousness of many of those fine fellows, and how their tune would be altered on the morrow; but, as the song of the immortal Wolfe says—

"Why, soldier, why
Should we be melancholy boys?
Why, soldier, why,
Whose business 'tis to die?"

The place of rendezvous, Left attack, was in the hollow between Cathcart's Hill and the left picquet-house, where the detachments assembled, and where the colonel met

them, called the officers about him, and gave them their instructions as to the disposal of their parties in the trenches by night and by day, but ever varying as the trenches were advanced to the front, towards the Garden, Creek, and Barrack batteries. A careful commander would give instructions *in writing* to each leader of a party, so that there could be no mistake. There was a major, second in command, and an adjutant attended the colonel as his aide-de-camp, and a bugler to carry his waterproof and haversack. Two doctors were also detailed for duty for each attack—of those of the Left, one took up his position in a bomb-proof between the third and fourth parallels, the other at Green-hill, in the rear.

The Woronzoff road, that admirable macadamized highway, planned and executed by our enlightened *quasi-foe*, but real friend, the Count Woronzoff, carrying one into Sevastopol from the south coast through beautiful scenery, and terminating in a deep

and battery-commanded ravine at the Karabelnaia suburb, was a point to be especially watched against sorties. A smart captain with a hundred men was usually selected to lie in this road, behind a small mound forming a rude traverse, whilst detached from the party, and in front, were a subaltern and thirty men to guard the *chevaux-de-frize* of iron which ran across the road. The Woronzoff road was no quiet sleeping place. All night through, round shot or whistling grape might be expected up it, or a sortie from the Russian picquet-house near the termination of the road. In the early morning, the party was withdrawn from the road, and retired by the right of the second parallel.

Then between four and five hundred men would be told off for that position of excitement and of shells, the fourth parallel, and twelve double sentries in the fifth parallel, whilst others were thrown out to the edge of the ridge. Every officer and man was told off as at quarters on board

ship. The men were posted behind those parts of the parapet over which they could fire easily, and not at those places where the banquette or step was not completed. It was hard and rocky ground to work on, the sound of the pick immediately drew fire, and little soil, and that painfully collected, was there to afford shelter. White stones and rocks in many places formed the parapet, soon to be dashed with blood. The best mode of disposing of the advanced sentries, was found to be to distribute them along the parapet, first of all, in skirmishing order, then to make them go over at once and take up their positions. They were thus more rapidly placed, and avoided observation, as they were not collected in groups and posted one after the other. Latterly, a subaltern remained out with the sentries, and a captain, as before, went round and occasionally visited them.

The cemetery with its stone tombs and black crosses, low down and on the left of the fourth and fifth parallels, was a post of

danger. About one hundred and fifty men lay in this by night, and were constantly liable to be stirred up with shell and vertical grape, though safe from round shot by reason of the terraces which crossed the ravine in rear of the cemetery.

On the left of the fourth parallel were caves or "ovens," in these lay fifty or more men to watch the enemy who might crawl up from the houses and gardens below.

The cemetery party was almost all withdrawn by day to the fourth parallel, where the major was posted to keep up, with about four hundred men, a fire at any of the enemy showing themselves in their works. The reserve was disposed to the right and left of the second parallel by night, and withdrawn into the caves overlooking the Valley of Death during the day.

No men except gunners were latterly left in the third parallel, which became a mass of gun and mortar batteries, from whence and to which a constant storm of large and deadly missiles was kept up, over the heads

and sometimes into the bodies of the occupants of the fourth and fifth parallels. Double sentries connected one part of the zigzags with the other, and communicated between those in the Woronzoff road and Cemetery.

The colonel's place was usually by night in the fourth parallel, occasionally he moved about to see that all were on the alert, or he rested for a time at a traverse, or in the rifle-pit in the centre of the parallel, but always wide-awake, ready to start up and direct the men to meet a real or supposed sortie, of which there were several right up to, and over the advanced trenches. The colonel's position was sufficiently lively, when it was directed that a steady fire of rifles and musketry should be kept up all night by good shots from the advanced trenches, of both attacks, on the Redan and the works in rear and on the flanks of it, to prevent the enemy repairing the injury done to their works by the bombardment during the day—the artillery at night assisting the infantry with fire-balls.

At early dawn the colonel left his post in advance, and went with his adjutant to the second parallel, where was the General's Hut occupied by the general of the trenches, who, if all was quiet, at five o'clock, usually returned to camp with his A.D.C., and the colonel took his place for some rest in the hut.

The hut was a small chamber, constructed of sand-bags and covered with planks and earth. It was supposed to be bomb-proof, though a good-sized shell, falling plump on the roof, would probably have penetrated it—as it was, shot and shell struck the outside repeatedly, and men were killed all about it. It was a hot place for fire, and hot inside, in June, July and August, from the blazing sun.

A table occupied the centre of the hut, and two narrow benches on two sides, where, on a watch-coat, a sort of uneasy sleep was attempted till the soldier-servant brought one's coffee, biscuit, and bit of meat from the camp.

I have some agreeable reminiscences of

the General's Hut. After looking about in the morning to see that all was regular, and when not making my rounds at other times during the day, it was a pleasure to invite the junior officers, lying in the trenches near, to partake of the shade (hot though it was) of the hut, to eat their rations there, and talk about the progress of the siege. I made many esteemed acquaintances in the General's Hut.

It was not always reached from the place of rendezvous for the trench guards without casualties. The Russians pitched shells and fired round shot at the reliefs coming down the Valley of Death, and some took effect. Two of the 68th lost limbs as they came down as part of the guards. On another occasion a round shot was noticed to be hurtling towards some hundreds of the trench guards on the march down. All threw themselves flat to avoid it except one man. He stood up, but in a moment he fell back a bloody and headless trunk, struck by the iron mes-

senger. It was an ugly sight. One day, when I was in the trenches, a dozen of the Royal Irish, coming across, and exposed to firing, were struck by a shell; some were slain outright, and seven amputations besides were the result, whilst Major Harrison, 68th, riding over the iron-encumbered ground near Stony-hill, towards the first parallel, instead of keeping to the ravine, as he ought to have done, (but it was only his second trench, I believe), was knocked down, man and horse, by a round shot, and he died on the spot.

The Valley of Death was appropriately named. Shallow at the top, near the camps, it becomes deep, narrow, and solemn, as it approaches the city. Cliffs of shell limestone, with caves in them in many places, rise on either hand; in the caves dwelt owls, which screeched at intervals during the long nights of vigil, and the stunning noise of pieces of artillery was accompanied with the plaintive cry of a bird, whose note resembled the noise of a

shell in its passage through the air—"he heeo, he heeo."

One night the moon had risen, and the ground was clearly seen between the first and second parallels from the Great Redan. A troop of ammunition mules was imprudently crossing this space, with noise and clamour of the Croatian drivers, to make a short cut to a trench magazine. I was watching the result as I entered the second parallel from the valley, when, with a loud "whish" and bright blaze, crash came two gun shells among them, scattering them in a moment. The mules threw off their powder barrels, the drivers gathered up their baggy trousers and took to flight. More shells were then pitched among us in the trench. A stout fellow limped to the rear, struck with a fragment of shell, and leaning on his fire-lock, and I passed a poor corporal, struck into a mangled heap in the first zig-zag leading to the third parallel.

Young soldiers were imprudent on enter-

ing the trenches. It was difficult to prevent them making short cuts across open spots, and they invariably, if not checked, carried their arms on their shoulders, instead of trailing them out of sight, in moving through the parallels and zig-zags.

The Russians were very particular in having their embrasures secured with mantelets of thick rope, and even the guns themselves had a circular mantelet of the same material; so that they were fired with comparative safety, whilst the British embrasures were generally open. Our people had not the facilities which a naval arsenal afforded the Russians, to make bullet-proof screens; it was, therefore, dangerous to pass our embrasures for the stinging Minié bullet, or whirring fragments of shells. A big round shot would, of course, smash through any ordinary mantelet.

Who of those "who live at home at ease" can fully understand the extreme misery and wretchedness of our soldiers,

who nightly went down to the trenches in the winter months of 1854-55, on rations of salt meat and hard biscuit, inducing thirst and disease, plunging through mud, and arriving at their posts wet and weary, unable to lie down in the slush of the trench, and keeping a miserable vigil till dawn showed the pale, haggard, and mud-be-grimed "Crimean heroes?"

Frost, snow, and rain then alternated. If the trench guards sat down, they were perished with cold and wet: if they walked about, out of the trench and in rear, they exposed themselves to be shot, as the parapet was not sufficiently high to protect them. One night three poor fellows, overcome with fatigue, went outside the parapet to sleep on a dry place, risking the Russian bullets—they were all three shot. Trench life was not a pastime, certainly, summer or winter, yet some officers really took an interest in it, and I heard that deservedly esteemed and gallant soldier, Sir John Campbell, rally a field officer

one day about his partiality for the fourth parallel.

Shot and shell kept up the excitement, and this, with the labour of the pickaxe and shovel, tended to make the blood circulate; but it was wretched work altogether in these winter months. Our gallant dragoons saw and testified what the infantry underwent. No reward is too high for the men who passed through this fearful ordeal uncomplainingly. Sometimes they dropped by the way to or from the trenches never to rise again, their comrades not having sufficient strength to carry them home; or returning to camp they would enter a damp tent of single canvas, and then sometimes hunt in vain for fuel to cook their slice of pork. But Russians and all suffered at this time, and the Czar allowed a month of the siege to count for a year's service. The mortality at this time, the winter of 1854 and 1855, was 35 per cent. There were gloom and anxiety both at home and at the seat of the Eastern campaign. Yet, strange to

say, there were occasionally heard from a soldier's tent by night the strains of the now familiar air, "Cheer, Boys, Cheer!" to which these words are adapted:—

"On, soldiers, on!

Once more the path of glory
Opens its view before your longing eye.

March, boldly march!

And add to Briton's story
A page of valour that shall never, never die.
France, gallant France!

Fights valiantly beside you,
Shares in the toil and glory of the field.

The hands of conquest firmly will unite you;
The foe, though daring, shall be forced to yield.

(Chorus, with energy.)

On! soldiers, on!
Your banners proudly streaming;

On! soldiers, on!
You battle for the right;

On! soldiers, on!
Sword and bayonet gleaming;

On! soldiers, on!
Till victory crown the fight.

"On! soldiers, on!

Our prayers, our hopes attend you;

A nation's blessing cheers you on the way;
The mighty God of battles shall defend you;
Hearts deeply grateful will your toil repay.
Weep for the slain who die our cause defending;
Hallow their names and hand them down to fame;
Help the mourners on our aid depending,
They who love their country will admit their claim.

Chorus—On! soldiers, on!"

In June, the nights were, of course, warm enough, and the men not on sentry lay down in the trenches, or sat dozing with their backs to the parapet in their red coatees, forage caps, and white belts—a rather dangerous and conspicuous dress, to go over the parapet of a clear moonlight night, whilst the vigilant Russians were lying in wait in the Woronzoff Road, and in rifle-pits of loose stones at the bottom of the hill, on which were traced our lines of the Left attack. The Russians in their long drab great-coats could hardly be seen at night till one got very close to them.

In the hot summer months, the trenches were exhausting during the day, and the

thirst was great. Some canvas screens, provided at first, were carried off to the camp by soldiers and sailors, and those men who followed suffered. Firelocks were arranged here and there, and great-coats spread so as to afford partial shelter. But what with the heat, and the indifferent water, and sometimes stringy beef, (though the commissariat deserves the highest credit for indefatigable exertion to procure the best rations for the army), bowel complaint supervened after a twenty-four hours' trench.

In Canada, Commissary-General Filder, C.B., was well known as a most zealous and untiring public officer, working indefatigably himself, and making every one under him work also. Though he was careful of the public money, yet he was always desirous, and exerted himself to have the troops supplied with excellent rations, and I believe that in the East, under great difficulties, he fully bore out the character he had established after long Peninsular

experience, and at the head of his department in the West. He was selected for the Eastern expedition on account of his previous high reputation as a commissariat officer, but his health broke down in Balaklava the pestilent, where perished our old and much esteemed friend Admiral Edward Boxer, C.B., a man of unequalled zeal and activity in the service of his country.

Colonels in command of the trench-guards had their own several ways of doing their duty before retiring to the General's Hut by day. Perhaps, the better way was to wait in the second parallel till the old guards had passed out, and the men had taken their places in advance, than to go round by the zig-zags to the fourth and fifth parallels, seeing that all were properly posted, according to the previous written directions at the rendezvous; then passing by the right along the third parallel, and taking up a position on the left of it, or in the middle of the fourth parallel, where there

had been an old rifle-pit, till it was time to go the rounds again, and see that the officers and non-commissioned officers were keeping the men on the alert against sorties, and alive to jump out of the way of shells.

On the left, between the fourth and fifth parallels, was, as I said, the cemetery where, on the 18th of June, Sir William Eyre, K.C.B. led his brigade, and was fortunate to have escaped with his life (though with the loss of 700 men) from a sort of pit of hell, a bowl into which the Russian batteries pitched shot, shell, and grape from the front and flanks. The gardens and houses partially protected our men. It was most fortunate they advanced no further than they did, after gaining possession of the cemetery (which was held to the fall of the city), for then that most formidable work, the Creek Battery, with its ship-guns, musketry, five lines of *trous de loup*, and mines, besides the cross fire from both flanks, would have caused double the amount of casualties.

I here beg to record the gallantry and good judgment of Lieutenant Donnelly, R.E. The night after the cemetery was gained by our troops, they retired for a time, after their great exertions, with their wounded to the rear, and ascended to the trenches above them. Next day there was to be a flag of truce to bury the dead. Lieutenant Donnelly, seeing the necessity of at once resuming possession of the cemetery, got leave to call for volunteers to reoccupy it. Sergeant Cooper and twenty men of the 14th Regiment, and ten riflemen, sprang forward, and they went down the slope under fire with Lieutenant Donnelly and occupied the cemetery, thus preventing the Russians entering it—Lieutenant Bradley and thirty more men, 14th, strengthening the first party. During the flag of truce, the British were thus in possession of the cemetery, which was afterwards a post of importance, and one also of peril.

One night, when not in the trenches, I was awoke by feet passing my hut, and a

voice said: "We must find the head doctor;" and another replied, "We will be all killed and murdered at that place." This was a party bringing up, on a blood-stained stretcher, from the cemetery, Captain Maunsell, a fine young man, of the 39th Regiment (our next neighbours in camp). He had left for the trenches a few hours before, full of health and in good spirits; popular in his regiment, and beloved by his friends at home. His post was on the right of the cemetery, where there was at first indifferent cover. A shell was seen in the air. "Look out! look out!" was the cry. It plumped down amongst the party and burst; the fragments took effect on a corporal and five men, whilst one of poor Maunsell's precious limbs was carried clean off, and was not found till next day. He jumped up and hopped about, and said to those assisting him, "Never mind me; see if any one is worse hit." There was some unavoidable delay in bringing him up to hospital. The hemorrhage was great, and

as he was carried past the brigade office, his pulse was low and his body cold. He died before he reached the surgery, and we attended his funeral, an impressive one, next day at Cathcart's Hill, where repose many noble remains of gallant men.

The hottest place for fire, I found in the Left attack, was a traverse in the 4th parallel. I took up my post there one night for some time with the party, commanded by an old Canadian friend, Captain Hawley, 89th Regiment. Four men looked out for shells, of which the Russians were particularly liberal. When our people sent one shell from the batteries in our rear, the Russians returned five, and then stopped till our side began again, and this went on for hours. When number one of the Russians came, "Look out!" was the word, "and count four more." They flew close over our heads, and burst behind us, and in the trench beside us. We escaped on these last occasions by a rapid rush and tumble of all hands round the traverse, I must say

in a very undignified manner, but there was no help for it. I happened to be on duty when the order was first given to keep up an incessant fire by good marksmen all night on the Russian works, to prevent by night the repairs of the damages by the bombardment during the day. The Russians sortied just before this began, and covered the sortie by volleys from their ramparts. Round shot, shell, and grape, were plied from both sides; the air was full of iron and lead; the missiles screamed and whistled overhead; the bellowing of great guns prevented one hearing; the flashes of light were blinding, and the smoke suffocating. Our people's blood was up; they stood up bravely to their work, and cried, "Let us jump over the parapet and meet them. They're coming on!" Soon, however, some of them were groaning and bleeding in the bottom of the trench.

The storm of great guns and small arms raged so fiercely, that it appeared in

camp as if a general attack was made on our lines, and soon Lieut.-Colonel the Honourable Francis Colborne jumped down into the trench, sent (as an Assistant-Quartermaster-General) to ascertain what was the state of affairs. The violence of the storm ceased, though not without leaving many casualties, and the rifle-balls vexed the Russian defences till daylight. The losses of the Russians were at this time very heavy.

On different occasions, I had as my adjutant, or A.D.C., Lieutenant Phillips, 39th Regiment; in moving through the trenches, and in keeping our vigils till daylight, we providentially escaped. About two in the morning, the eyes became heavy; with some effort we kept awake, assisted by the shot hurtling overhead, shells bursting near us, and grape-shot rushing over the parapet, like the noise of the flight of large birds, and then pattering in succession into the soil beyond.

Near the General's Hut, on the left,

looking towards Sevastopol, our gallant sailors of the Naval Brigade fought their guns and mortars most valiantly; they also replied to the sunken long-range guns of the Russians with two or three guns of large calibre, also sunk at an angle in the ground. One of these, a 68-pounder, they said, sent the balls clear over the harbour, and further than they could tell beyond it; the others crashed among the buildings of the town.

The sailors went to their duties with extraordinary alacrity, and did their work with their usual daring and activity; would put in a couple of shells, if they had the chance of doing so, to get rid of their pile, and fired at conspicuous buildings to produce an effect. One facetious character among them, George Adams by name, was fond of reciting poetry, and when it was sentimental the effect was ludicrous enough.

“ Would that I were a careless chyld,
Still dwelling in my highland cave,”

was often in his mouth.

It was tantalizing to see the large Russian ships in the harbour, and for a long time apparently untouched by our missiles. It was supposed that their decks were covered deeply with sand-bags, and that it might be difficult to sink them if sails were hung over their sides, and their interior filled with bales of wool, &c. A French battery was expected to open on them from the right of the Mamelon, which it will be remembered fell with the quarries on the 7th of June.

Whilst the siege was at its height, the stories that one heard in the hut of wounds and death were painfully exciting; body wounds rendering fine strong young fellows invalids for life, arms and legs carried off, rendering others cripples to their dying day. It was the general wish that the Russians would come out and have a fair stand-up fight as at Alma, Inkerman, and Balaklava; at last they did so on the Tchernaya. I shall allude to this hereafter, also to the bloody day of

the 18th June, and the fall of the strong city on the 8th of September. Incidents connected with the trenchwork are what I am treating of in this chapter, reminiscences of the days of fierce bombardments on our part, and replied to gallantly and unflinchingly by our Muscovite antagonists.

Watching, on one occasion, for a while beside a traverse at midnight, I heard steps approach; four men are carrying a body on a canvas stretcher.

“Who is it that is struck?”

“A corporal of the 4th, Sir; he is knocked to pieces. We are going to bury him here; he was struck with a shell in coming in over the parapet from the sentries outside, and Captain Paton, beside him, was wounded on the head by a piece of the corporal's body.”

A grave is dug at one side, and the poor remains are at once consigned to their final rest. A religious sergeant used to carry a prayer-book with him, and on occasions of this sort read

the service by night or by day over the dead.

Towards the close of the siege incidents like the above became very frequent. Thus I had the first night half-a-dozen casualties, then eleven, fifteen, and so they increased. There were at last forty and sixty in the Right attack alone; whilst the French, more numerous than ourselves, would have one hundred killed and wounded in the twenty-four hours.

Captain Paton being disabled, as was just related, I was moving along the fourth parallel with difficulty among the legs of the trench guards lying down, when a shell, with its eye of fire, came on us from the Redan, pitched, and exploded with a deafening crash close to us. I was then particularly pleased with the activity and zeal of Sergeant O'Grady, of the 4th Regiment, who had taken his wounded officer's place, and went about encouraging men to be on the alert, either for shells or sorties. "Look alive, men! Don't go to sleep!" said he,

whilst he stirred them up with his foot. I recommended him to the favourable notice of his commanding officer, the energetic soldier, Colonel Williams, and he gave him a colour on his arm.

During the hottest part of the siege, and when casualties were rife, and the cries of the wounded were heard in passing the hospital huts, I saw a band of imitation negro minstrels singing and playing on the banjo and bones in the Guards' camp, whilst amongst the sailors, ridiculous figures, as a clown and Mary his wife, followed by a crowd, visited the different divisions, affording fun by their rough jokes.

I said the General's Hut was a warm place for fire. Thus, one Sunday, as Lieutenant Raby, R.N., of the "Wasp," was reading under his awning there, whilst a sailor was occupied with his Bible on the other side of the traverse, a shell came and burst. Then all seemed quiet, when a man reported that the poor Bible-reader was dead, a piece of the shell having passed from left to right

through his stomach. A man boiling coffee there had a leg carried off by a round shot through an embrasure, and a third had a gabion knocked on his head, the spikes of it making numerous festering holes on the skin.

But enough of these details in the mean time: we must not "sup full of horrors." Let us now, having seen our guards pass out of the trenches, and the new guards occupying them, after twenty-four hours of exhausting heat and of hot firing, wend our way with our bugler past the caves in the Valley of Death, picking our steps amongst the rocks and stones and innumerable shot and shell, of huge and of ordinary size, lying in the bottom and on the sides of the ravine, recalling to mind, whilst we do so, those beautiful words of Scripture—"Yea, though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear no evil; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

CHAPTER II.

Admiral Boxer, C.B.—His Energy—His Death—The Frame Huts—How to manage a Tent—Effects of impure Water—The Sardinians—Sir William Eyre, K.C.B.—Admiral Michell, C.B.—A Bombardment—Lord Raglan—General Pelissier—Omar Pasha—The Mamelon assaulted and carried—Also the Quarries—Burial of the Dead—The Russian Hard-Mines—Anecdote of an American—Hospitals—Cholera from imprudence—The fourth Bombardment—Preparations for an Assault—Colonel Waddy and the Stormers—Casualties in the Woronzoff Road—Repulses at the Redan and Malakoff—The Honourable Captain Agar—English Navvies—Bad effects of Rum—Eyre's Brigade—Fight at the Cemetery—Lieutenant James, R.E., Captured—Divine Service.

"BLESS me! I am very happy to see you," was the friendly greeting of that most worthy and hard-working man of war, Ad-

miral Boxer, as I ranged up alongside of his two-oared boat in the harbour of Balaklava: "You have just come in good time; something of consequence must be done immediately," and so it came to pass.

In May, 1855, everything about Balaklava harbour bespoke the zeal and energy of Admiral Boxer. At the entrance of this remarkably deep and secure haven (land-locked by its enclosing hills, which were of reddish ochre colour, and nearly bare of vegetation) there appeared a strong chain cable, the extremities only seen as it was sunk by day and hauled up at night, as a protection against fireships or rafts from without, whilst inside 200 vessels of all sizes, were crowded, but all in perfect order, with their sterns to the shore, and leaving a clear space for vessels entering or leaving, and for boats in the middle.

A police boat rowed about to see that cleanliness was attended to, and every precaution was taken against fire. It was at first a wonder to me that none occurred

in Balaklava harbour during the summer and autumn of 1855, but remembering who organized the arrangements there, and superintended them, my wonder ceased.

"That blessed Admiral," (as a merchant captain, anchored among thirty other vessels outside, said,) "gives us no rest; he is up at four every morning, and not only sees that all is right and square inside, but comes outside with a pair of oars and rouses up the captain or agent of the vessel to give us our orders."

In America we had many proofs of the value of Admiral Boxer as a public officer, and had several communications with him regarding the defences of the St. Lawrence, &c.; his ideas were very excellent, and I cannot forbear paying a passing tribute to his memory. When I visited his tomb on the hill-side near Cossack Bay, opposite Balaklava, the inscription was then, with regret I say it, only on wood, "Sacred to the memory of Rear-Admiral Boxer, C.B., who departed this

life June, 1855." At his feet lies his nephew, Sydney Boxer, R.N.: both perished at their posts of cholera.

As the admiral predicted, "something of consequence" did take place in June, after the lull since the heavy bombardment of Sevastopol in April. Transports swarming with Sardinians and Frenchmen, besides red jackets, arrived, and good news of the fall of Kertch reached us at this time; 2,000 Russians having abandoned the place after blowing up the magazines, and leaving one hundred guns, clothing for forty thousand men, two hundred and forty vessels, great stores of corn, flocks and herds, in the hands of the victorious expedition to the Sea of Azoff.

For the work of the siege, and the business of the trenches, the greatest activity prevailed on shore, between Balaklava and the sea of tents in front, on the plateau overlooking Sevastopol. Parties of troops moved about on fatigue in grey linen suits, and the forage caps of their regi-

ments. There were lusty and light dragoons on horseback, carts driven by Turks, Tartars, and Orientals of various nations in their turbans, red fezes, or fur skull-caps, embroidered round jackets and baggy trousers, whilst subaltern officers (facetiously called "rabbit skins," from the grey fur-lined jackets served out to them in winter) hurried past on their ponies, eager for supplies for their larder from the ships. Arrived on board a merchant vessel or transport, they, whilst effecting their purchases from the steward, told terrible stories of what went on in the trenches, about the General's Hut there, of legs, and arms, and heads carried off, so that one doughty fellow, a fresh arrival of a branch of the service which did not require to move behind a parapet, and who had laid a bet of fifty to one that he would go into the trenches and see all about them, said, when he understood that life was not worth half an hour's purchase there, that he would rather pay forfeit, for he was led to believe that the danger was so

great, that every one who went in there carried a sand-bag with him !

The frame huts, which some of us occupied at this time, were like young barns ; the difference between the officers' hut and the men's was chiefly this — both had a door in one gable, and a glass window over it, and a corresponding window opposite. The officers' hut had a partition in the centre, and the floor was boarded all over ; whilst the men's had no partition, and the bare earth was seen in the passage up the centre. Centipedes of several inches in length, six or seven sometimes, infested the huts in May ; mice, also, nibbled one's boots, then rats, of cat-like size, skirmished over one's body at night. Those who dwelt near the commissariat stores were tormented with myriads of flies, and at all times there was some plague or another, not the least of which was a numerous and active race of fleas, which oft-times " did make night hideous."

Among the white canvas towns and hamlets which spread far and wide over the bare steppes in front of Sevastopol (and which city at this time appeared bright and clean on its elevated site, backed by the great harbour), many valuable hints could be picked up by the uninitiated in camp life, as to making oneself tolerably comfortable in a bell tent. Thus, the floor might be sunk two and a-half or three feet, the pole supported on a barrel or stout piece of firewood, and a table "rigged" in the middle, on the top of the barrel; another barrel might be cut into the form of an elbow-chair, the bottom being filled with a bundle of hay, a strap with hooks enabled the forage cap, sword, revolver-pistol, telescope, small water-barrel, waterproof cape, &c., to be suspended from the pole, a cross-legged bed with barely room to turn in it, and covered with a double blanket, from which sheets had been long divorced, stood at one side, whilst recesses cut in the earth of the sides contained tin plates, knives and

forks, canisters for tea, coffee, preserved meat, ration biscuit, &c.; a bottle of ration rum, or something better for a visitor, might also be found there. Beer and porter were, in May and June, two shillings a bottle. In the cold and wet weather, a few boards formed the floor of the tent, and a small fire-place was made in the earth opposite the door, and a chimney outside, contrived out of a piece of stove-pipe, conveyed away the smoke "into thin air."

A valuable addition to a tent is an Algerine gourbie, that is, an oblong leafy bower set up beside it, a few upright stakes with boughs wattled between them, a flat roof of branches, and a door and window or two. In this pleasant retreat (of perfect shade, and through which the breeze whistled), the afternoon may be comfortably spent. I found two on the hill where the celebrated Omar Pasha had his tent, between Balaklava and the great camp; some of the French Generals also had them, though our people, perhaps from gourbies being new

to them, and also being some distance from trees, did not adopt them. But, in truth, I believe, that except those officers who had previously served, and (like myself) suffered for a time from the rays of an Oriental sun, the generality of the British were too indifferent to what the sun could do in striking them by day, also "the moon by night." We had both sun-stroke and moon-blindness in the Crimea, and I did not rest till I got white linen cap covers as soon as possible for all the men with whom I had to do. How the French Zouaves held out in their little red fezes, rakishly worn off the forehead, was to me a standing wonder, whilst I was so frequently inclined to cry out, "O, quis me in gelidum nemus Hæmi sistat?"—"Oh, who will carry me to the cool groves of the Balcan?"

About the General's Hut in the trenches, and all round the camp, the water in summer was full of impurities; dip a cup of it in the evening, and examine it next morning, and a thick coat of sediment

would be found at the bottom. This, of course, would have all been swallowed in solution if the water had been drunk the night before. I am convinced that the impure water, though the taste was not disagreeable, save a little earthiness about it, was one of the chief causes of bowel complaint in summer. Most of the officers and men who did not take the trouble to boil the water before using it, or make tea or coffee with it, felt derangement of the interior, some partially, others to such a degree that they either invalided or died.

Stringy beef, salt pork, and the work of the pickaxe and shovel in those warm ditches, the trenches, superadded in some cases to the feverishness occasioned by the alcohol imbibed the previous evening, induced a raging thirst, when the thermometer was 80° and upwards (and we had it 109° in the shade), caused great consumption of dirty water. A well-known drinking place was in rear of the second parallel Left attack; there, though exposed to the Russian bul-

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lets from the Garden batteries, &c., the poor fellows drank the turbid water and suffered.

In the end of May, the Sardinians, 15,000 strong, complete in drill, discipline, and transport, arrived ; they were clustered first about the hill-sides of Balaklava, but the enemy retiring from the plain, where the celebrated charges of British heavy and light cavalry took place, the valuable accession of strength to the allies, the Sardinians, moved out there also, and took possession of the ground about Kamara, and a green-topped and white-walled building called "the Pagoda ;" beyond these they commenced carefully and neatly to construct field works. I had previously seen the "Armada Sarda" in their own country, and the picturesque and valuable Bersaglieri, or light troops with round-topped hats and green cock's-tail feather, and short rifle with a spike at the butt for sticking-into the ground. The Bersaglieri are taught to run, leap, swim, and climb trees ; and when I rode out with

others, highly pleased to be released from the confinement of the camp by the retiring of the enemy, and refreshed by the rank vegetation and wild flowers of the plains and hill-sides, suddenly would start up from his lair a Sardinian rifleman and challenge, and afterwards become invisible in the long grass, truly an "anguis in herbâ" to the enemy.

In returning from the Kamara Hill with Colonel Wood, and the Hon. F. Colborne, a tall figure of dark complexion, and in a blue surtout, rode in front; in this I recognised an old R. M. College comrade, Sir William Eyre, K.C.B., with whom "I had wrestled a fall," and who has attained his present distinguished position in Canada by close attention to his arduous duties, and by his activity before the enemy both in Cafferland and in the Crimea.

The vast preparations for carrying on the siege were now observed, not only on land, in the tens of thousands of troops, but also at sea; English and French line-of-battle ships, frigates, and steamers watching Sevastopol

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seaward. The harbours of Balaklava, Kamiesch, and Kazatch were black with transports and merchantmen. I had occasion to visit the noble man-of-war, the 'Queen,' at this time, commanded by a relative, Captain (now Admiral) Michell, C.B., and which had played its part with *éclat* in the previous bombardment of the 17th October, so as to elicit at the time the signal from Sir Edmund Lyons. "Well done, 'Queen!'" The 'Queen' went in to relieve, and draw off the fire from the 'Agamemnon' and 'Sanspareil,' and suffered herself; she also lost many officers and men in the trenches.

Arrangements were now in active progress for another bombardment, and on the 6th of June we saw, from our huts and tents, on the plateau, the ships opening fire, whilst shot struck the water round them in all directions. The guns in our batteries had been changed from 24-pounders (which were only throwing cricket-balls against the massive earthen parapets of the beleaguered city) to 8-inch or 68-pounders, and 10-inch or 96-pounders.

The flash and roar of artillery extended from right to left in our front, whilst shells curvetted and burst in the air, or in our batteries.

The General's Hut in the trenches became a post of considerable excitement, being in the midst of the smoke and the fray, whilst the reverberation among the rocks and caves, and deep ravines of the Woronzoff Road leading into Sevastopol, and the Valley of Death, were grand and sublime. One became irresistibly impressed with the idea that the Lord of hosts, the God of battles, was ordering these great conflicts for some wise purpose.

I went from the camp to the picket-house, Left attack, and then down the slope in front of it to watch the effect of our shot on the city, and on the enemy's lines. Shot flew overhead with threatening crash, or stole through the grass, or, bounding, raised a cloud of dust; whilst shells cracked, and the fragments whirled and hummed in exciting proximity.

Next morning we were ordered to be in readiness to turn out at a moment's notice ; and looking to the hollow ground in our rear, we saw immense columns of French and Turks moving past to our right, and proceeding towards the Russian works on the Mamelon hill. The impression on the mind was—here is war on a grand scale ; if numbers give confidence, here they are in great masses of dark uniforms and bright steel overhead.

“Entrancing,
With sword and bayonet glancing,
And plumes in the gay wind dancing.”

A cheer on our left called attention to another source of attraction. Lord Raglan, in blue surtout and white-covered cap, rode along, accompanied by a lady, the wife of General Estcourt, Adjutant-General. A numerous staff of gold-peaked officers followed, also Hussar orderlies. Then the sturdy soldier, Pelissier, appeared, in red and gold-bound kepi or forage-cap, and white Arab

cloak, worn for coolness over his uniform. A crowd of officers in blue and gold rode behind, also his Algerine spahie in white flowing robes; the tricolour guidon was carried by a standard-bearer, and the braided jackets of a party of red Hussars composed the escort. It was altogether a brilliant *cortège*. Lastly, Omar Pasha galloped past to the front in his red fez and gold-bound coat, and attended by two or three officers; among them my old bush-ranging friend, Colonel Simmons, R.E., and Turkish orderlies, armed with sword and pistol.

All the preparations had been well considered on this occasion, and all went on prosperously for the allies with a few exceptions. The French rushed from their trenches, and advanced rapidly against the works of the Mamelon in line, led by a little figure. Waving a sword, he disappeared over the parapet, the Russians pouring out at the rear. The French, carried away by the excitement of finding themselves in possession of the Mamelon, passed through the works, and did

not stop until they had advanced several hundred yards beyond, towards the abattis of the Malakoff Tower and outworks. The Russians, supported by artillery, rallied in a hollow, poured in a murderous fire; the French retired and went through the Mamelon, but recovering themselves on the south side, they re-occupied it; and hoisting the tricolour, they held the works.

The British assaulted the open space called the 'Quarries,' in front of the Great Redan, carried it gallantly, and held it obstinately, notwithstanding the persevering attempts of the enemy to recover it. Here some of the 62nd Regiment, whilst on the ground for partial cover, experienced the fatal effects of a round shot; it lobbed in among them, a Lieut.-Colonel, Major, Captain, Colour-Sergeant, &c., were the casualties on the occasion. Our loss altogether was 45 officers and 600 men.

Watching the Mamelon, after its fall, from Cathcart's Hill, in company with Colonels Warre, 57th, and the intelligent commander

of light troops, Norcott, R.B., "See how our poor friends are suffering!" said the latter, as shell after shell from the Russians burst in and over the Mamelon.

Next day I rode to the Victoria Redoubt, opposite the Mamelon, affording a commanding view of it, of the works on the right (where 12 Russian officers and 400 men had been made prisoners), also of the Malakoff Tower, and part of Sevastopol. A French general was sitting behind the parapet of the redoubt with his cap off, talking and gesticulating to himself: he was soon after killed. One of my companions, on this occasion, on a visit to our hut, was a fine young man of the 81st Regiment, from India, Major Sorel, who, seeking service in the Crimea, died of cholera a few days afterwards. Death was now busily claiming his victims by various and sudden modes of removal.

On the 9th of June, a flag of truce was displayed from the Redan, to enable the dead, which lay about the Quarries, &c., to

be buried. I set off on foot to the first parallel, Left attack, then went down the slope to the Woronzoff Road, and went along it till I got within sight of the town. Shot lay thick in the road. The quantity of shot and shell the Russians expended was enormous, from first to last, showing the vast stores accumulated by the Czar for Eastern conquest. Ascending the steep side of the ravine to the right, I found myself in Gordon's Battery of the Right attack, and, going in advance, came upon two bodies of soldiers of the 55th Regiment smashed with round shot, and lying together in a zig-zag. General Airey, the Quartermaster-General (always on the alert), rode past, also General Dacres, commanding the artillery, accompanied by Colonels Gordon and Hamley, the latter the author of several much esteemed works.

The Redan is close at hand, a high parapet with two faces, and on its salient angle appears a short flagstaff and white flag. Embrasures are in the faces; and in them,

beside the guns, appear Russian gunners in flat canvas caps and frocks, as if prepared for hard work in the sun. An abattis of trees stretches across the front of the Redan, and at some distance from it a line of Russian sentries in green prevent approach to the abattis, and facing them is a line of British sentries; between are some Russian officers conversing with the British. Men of both armies are at work with stretchers removing and burying the dead, some sorely mangled.

A subaltern, fresh from England, toils through the trenches, proudly laden with Russian swords and muskets, his trophies of the late fight.

Four soldiers carry past me, from the Quarries, an officer on a stretcher; his left hand is twisted into the waistband of his trousers. He looked life-like, and I hastened to place his cap on his head on which the sun was beating, but the features were fixed in death, and wounds on the forehead and stomach told that his warfare was

over: this was Lieut. Webb of the Connaught Rangers.

A puff of white smoke and an explosion soon drew my attention to the left. One of our people had trodden on the glass tube of a Russian fougasse or powder box, sunk in the ground, and which in some instances occasioned fatal effects. On searching about, these hand mines, as they may be termed, were discovered in various directions, and dug up. They consisted of a large tarred box, like a tea-chest, containing many pounds of powder; on the top was a contrivance like the letter T, a horizontal tin tube enclosing a glass one, in which was sulphuric acid. A match descended into the box through the leg of the T, and the tubes being crushed by the pressure of the foot, ignition and an explosion resulted. The least injuries I saw from this were scorched legs. War rejoices in hellish inventions to mar our Maker's image!

There is no doubt that there were Americans at this time in the service of

Russia, probably medical men chiefly. It was said that whilst the flag of truce was flying, two British surgeons were near the Malakoff, and were accosted by an American:

"British, I presume! Doctors looking after wounded, I guess. Like to see Round Tower?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'll take you in."

He did so, and introduced them to "the governor," or the general in charge there. Two blank guns were fired as a warning that the white flag was about to be hauled down, and the work of death to recommence. The surgeons looked uneasy.

"I'll make it all straight," said their new friend, and took them out again.

In June, the British hospitals (whatever shortcomings there were at the commencement of the war, which was at first by many never expected to come to more than a demonstration) were now in the highest order—good beds, clean sheets, abundant

supply of medicines and medical comforts, and skilful attendance. A French surgeon said to an English visitor at one of their hospitals,

"How ours are so much cried up we don't know ; yours are much better. We have only two huts for a whole division, whilst you have three for a regiment, and for that regiment the medicines of a French division."

In winter we had broken down for want of transport for food, medicines, and forage, but all this, thanks to Lord Panmure, was remedied in spring and summer.

"I have been looking in at some of your hospitals," said a Zouave to me, one afternoon, "and I should not mind, Monsieur, being sick, to get into such good quarters."

We had cases of cholera at this time, commencing with derangement of the bowels, which, neglected for hours and days, occasionally terminated fatally. I remember the

case of a temperate sergeant of the regiment, who died after a few hours' illness.

"What had he been doing?"

"Nothing out of the way, Sir."

Still I thought he might have committed some imprudence, and it came out in a few days, from the man who cleaned his appointments, that the day before he was seized was his birthday, and he asked two or three friends "to make merry," got a bottle of bad champagne and a bottle of pickles from a canteen, partook of both freely, and filled a Crimean grave next day. I remarked in the East Indies, and in the West, that when cholera is in the air, the least imprudence "sets one off." The receipt of Dr. Barry, a well-known and experienced army doctor, was, on the appearance of bowel complaints, "Put a teaspoonful of best white wine vinegar in half a tumbler of water. Drink it, and rub the stomach with flannel moistened with camphorated spirit. Don't use astringents, for the bowels are the *cloaca maxima* of the system."

Some men with "proud stomachs" despise all precautions, and say it is "nonsense to consider what a man should eat or drink;" but we have followed many a stout fellow of this class to the tune of the "Dead March," and hold that clean feeding and "mixing water with your wine" is the best rule for holding out under work.

The French and English successes at the Mamelon and Quarries had inspirited the chiefs to hurry on another serious attack, to give the enemy as little breathing time as possible; but *occurent nubes*, clouds will intervene.

There had been constant firing all along the three miles of the town defences, and from the rifle-pits in front (those dangerous semicircles of stone, with the earth scooped out behind, where one or more, sometimes as many as eight, Russian, French, or English, lay like spiders watching for their prey), but not a sustained bombardment, to fill the air with missiles, and to rend it with the thunder and crash of artillery, till

the 17th June, when the fourth commenced. It was Sunday, and serious people considered that it did not augur well for success recommencing the hot and heavy cannonade on the sacred day of rest. But so it was; and at 3 A.M. another act in the great drama opened.

The earth shook from the discharge of great guns and mortars, and large rockets ever and anon shot into the air, accompanied with a long train of screw-like smoke, which next waved like a gigantic aerial serpent, and then went to leeward as a white cloud. Three French and four English steamers approached the works, got within 2,000 yards, fired their heavy guns in succession for some time, and circling round retired. This vexed the enemy considerably, both in their works and in the town, seawards.

We were warned to be ready for a grand attack on the enemy's works on the following morning, the anniversary of Waterloo. It was thought that this day was selected that

the allies conjointly might efface the recollection of what had come to pass before, and inaugurate the 18th of June with a new victory. Revolver-pistols were fresh loaded, a few hasty lines were penned to those far away, some comforts were placed in the havresack, and those who had flasks filled them. The men were in a high state of excitement, and after the long and tedious trenches, they thought they now had the prospect of a termination to them, and talked of pots of porter in the "pool." The greater number of the men did not go to bed at all, and the camps were lighted up like a mighty fair, the men talking and smoking till it was time to stand to their arms in the dark, long before daylight.

Columns of French were destined for the attack on the Malakoff Tower, with all its earthen outworks and supporting and flanking guns. Twelve hundred British stormers, under Sir John Campbell, were intended to sally out of the Quarries and

trenches of the Right attack, and assault the Great Redan, and make a lodgment in it. Both faces and the salient were to be attacked, sailors, carrying scaling-ladders, and sixty artillerymen, volunteers, were intended to accompany the stormers, to spike the guns, or turn them against the enemy. Another column, under Brigadier-General Barnard, in which was the 14th Regiment, was directed to proceed to the front, down the Woronzoff Road, and be ready to attack the Barrack Battery (by going over eight hundred yards of open ground) as soon as the Malakoff fell and the Redan was attacked; whilst on the left, Brigadier-General Eyre was to lead eighteen hundred men down the Great Ravine, into which the Valley of Death falls, and, continuing on to the cemetery, opposite the head of the Admiralty creek, was to bring up his left shoulder, and co-operate with General Barnard in the attack on the Barrack Battery. Success was confidently anticipated, and a separate order was issued as

to our conduct in keeping the troops together, &c., when we should drive the enemy out of the town and take possession.

Though some doubtless considered victory as certain on this occasion, I own I had not the least idea of success myself. I had watched almost every morning from the front the state of affairs in the town, and on the enemies' works. I knew that they were strong, well prepared, and not in the least inclined as yet to yield to our pressure, also that they had not been sufficiently beaten, or our works pushed close enough to their principal line of defence, to give assurance of success. Of course, our duty, whatever we thought of what was likely to happen, was to do our best, to comply strictly with our orders, to put a bold face on the matter, and to express no doubts, but to encourage one another "to quit ourselves like men."

Putting our effects in order, in case of our never returning alive to the hut, and

getting a couple of hours' rest, we rose at midnight of the 18th. There was a hum of voices all over our camps, we fell in whilst it was dark, and a strong party of stormers being told off, we moved away towards the right, crossing in front of Cathcart's Hill. The dust was suffocating, and the night sultry. We marched in sections down the ravine, and whilst objects were indistinctly visible, we found ourselves, with portions of the 4th, 39th, and 89th Regiments, in the Woronzoff Road, here commanded by the enemy's guns. We were directed to ascend to the right and occupy the rocks above, and we did so, like birds clustering there.

Colonel Munroe, 39th, commanded the reserve. He was well used to warfare in India, and moved about with zeal and intelligence amongst his charge. We were joined on the hill-side by Colonel Norcott and some of his rifle brigade. Colonel Waddy, 50th, headed the stormers. He had acquired a high character for daring,

and, in fact, exposed himself more than most men on all occasions in the trenches. He now turned out in his shell-jacket, without flask or haversack for refreshment, but in one hand carrying a pistol, and in the other a naked sword (the scabbard left at home) which he had captured in a combat in the East. There was no mistake about the intentions of the gallant Waddy. "Do or die," seemed his motto. Soon balls, great and small, began to pitch among us, and as the day broke, the roar of the combat became louder and louder. We were near the Great Redan, which we saw lower down the ravine of the Woronzoff Road; the Malakoff was on our right, and shot and shell from it flew over us, and ploughed up the ground on the left of the road. All the while our batteries of the Left attack briskly and incessantly fired at the Redan.

The first casualty we observed was a sapper, who was sitting down waiting the

order to move nearer the enemy's works. He was struck with a round shot, which came lobbing down the hill-side from the Malakoff, and taking him in the back of the neck broke his spine, and knocked him a few yards down the hill, where he sat as if asleep, his face turned up, but he was stone dead. Conversing with an old Canadian friend, now first seen for many years, Skinner, 89th Regiment, about "the land of the West," a man behind us uttered an exclamation of pain, and on looking round at him he was holding his left arm with his right hand. He had been struck with a fragment of shell. He was sent to the doctors, who, with the quarter-masters, with supplies of ammunition, water, and the mid-day rum, &c., were at an angle of the ravine below us. Continuing our discourse, another piece of shell grazed our heads, and we began to think we were in a hot place. Grape-shot now lashed among us, and occasioned casualties among

our stormers, who were advanced with the scaling-ladders. Now and then there was a cry of "Round shot—look out!" which was avoided by being on the alert to throw ourselves behind a rock—then up again.

Below us we saw sailors carrying slowly, on stretchers, wounded messmates up the road from the Redan, whilst the shot knocked up the dust and gravel about them. A corporal of sappers came along the hill-side from the direction of the Redan. I asked him what was the news of the assault from the trenches of the Right attack. He said, "Bad news." The French had failed at the Malakoff; our people had tried the Redan, and had been forced to retire with great loss; and Sir John Campbell, who led the attack, and many field officers and others, were killed and wounded.

A party of sappers, mixed up with our men, suffered greatly on this occasion; as the stormers of the 14th turned the corner

of a rock, the sergeant-major of the sappers was shot dead with a round shot, and I think about eight others of them were killed and wounded. Grape shot broke legs among our people, Corporal Brown's thigh was cracked in this way, and a poor fellow named Lynch, was struck sideways on the chest with a passing round shot, he fell on his face and never moved. Ensign Glancy and another picked him up and opened his jacket, he did not bleed, but his breast was soft like wool, and a tear was in his left eye, he was quite dead, and was buried on the spot with the entrenching tools.

Our General, Sir Henry Barnard, knowing the folly of attempting the eight hundred yards of open ground between us and the Barrack Battery, crossed as it was by lines of annihilating fire from the Redan, and other heavily armed works, held his men in hand, and thus saved the utter and inevitable destruction of his brigade, without the possibility of doing any good; that

is, without the previous fall of the Malakoff and the Redan.

The Redan now clearly saw us in red masses, relieved against the grey rocks, and the Russians were observed to be busy cutting away part of their parapet to get another gun to bear upon us. We were accordingly directed to descend the hill-side, to cross the Woronzoff Road, and ascend to the second parallel, Left attack. We did so leisurely.

We had some difficulty in getting along the parallel, for a crowd of ammunition mules was found at the top of the ascent, the enemy all the while crossing us with round shot. The men were directed to keep in the bottom of the trench as much as possible, but some more careless than the rest, or sometimes it happened out of mere bravado, remained high and unprotected by the parapet. A round shot took a party of three exposed in this way (though Major Dwyer and myself were directing them to

keep lower down), knocked them off their legs, striking off a couple of their pouches like crows in the air. One poor fellow, whose bowels were carried clean out of him, remained on his knees for a minute wiping his face, confused and ignorant of the mortal wound he had received, then fell over, and was covered with a great-coat by his comrades. I was much pleased to observe, on this occasion, the zeal and the fearless conduct of Assistant-Surgeon Hyde, who moved about among the wounded, doing all in his power to assist them.

Lord Raglan and his staff were not far off, and in a very exposed position. Officers and men were killed and wounded beside him. Among the latter was that valuable engineer officer, Sir Harry Jones. Seeing that the attack on the Redan had failed, his lordship sat down with his back to the parapet, and Sir George Brown seemed to be comforting him; but neither his lordship nor the mild-mannered and excellent Ad-

jutant-General Estcourt ever got over this black day. They sickened and died soon after at head-quarters.

It was understood that there was to have been three hours of severe bombardment on our part, and that of the French before they attempted the Malakoff, and, it falling, then the English to go at the Redan. But on the evening of the 17th, Lord Raglan reluctantly consented to the proposition by the French commander-in-chief to omit the preliminary bombardment.* Then it was understood there was a mistake in the signal to attack on the 18th. A war rocket was mistaken by the French officer of the first column, to be led against the Malakoff, for the signal rocket. He advanced too soon, and was not supported till too late by the other columns. The powerful works of the Malakoff not falling first, the attack by the British on the Redan

* Perhaps the French thought that the bombardment might have warned the Russians to be well prepared for what was to follow.

failed. There was great slaughter there, besides what occurred elsewhere, thus, of the 120 sailors, carrying scaling-ladders, 80 fell, and our loss altogether was 90 officers and 1,400 men.

"From distant lands the deep reverberations
Of War's loud thunder o'er the seas resound,
Where on the battle-field earth's mightiest nations
Stain with brave blood the dark, unconscious ground.

"Where raged the battle many a form is sleeping,
Whose heart once beat with hope and courage high,
And in their homes—once happy—vigil-keeping,
Is many a broken heart and tearful eye."

It seemed that, after the dashing way in which we took the Quarries, and the French the Mamelon, on the 7th June, we were a little too proud, and required humbling. We seldom have it all our own way in this world, and are doomed to frequent disappointments; and thus we retired along our trenches, "bent" somewhat "but not broken," and carrying our wounded on stretchers, passing the fine fellows of the Royal Artillery, stripped to

the shirt and trousers, and lying after their superhuman exertions alongside of their guns and mortars, grim-looking, and reposing for a while after the late severe "tussle."

With Colonel John Watson and the last men of the regiment, I descended into the Valley of Death, and was invited into a tent there by a friendly officer of the Land Transport Corps, who gave me a refreshing cup of wine and water, which Father Mathew himself could not have refused, if he had been so choked with heat and dust as I was at the time. But groans and exclamations of pain outside the tent directed attention to a group of men round a prostrate figure. This was the Hon. Captain Agar, of the 44th Regiment, as handsome a man as there was in the army, who had got both legs severely injured with a round shot, and was being painfully carried on a stretcher to the camp; but he did not survive, and after death he was visited as a picture of manly beauty, with a fine beard. "Take

my legs off," he had said to the doctor, "and give me a chance, till I am prepared to die." But it was impossible to comply with his desire, and

"Voices familiar once no more he hears!"

Hearing that my young connexion, Evelyn Wood, a naval aide-de-camp to Captain Peel of the 'Diamond,' had been wounded in front of the Redan, I went to see him, and found him suffering from a severe wound from a grape shot in one of his arms; also Mr. Hunter, R.N., lying contused in the same tent. They had truly passed through a storm of death. The grape-shot was as if a man was sowing corn at the abattis, and the wonder is how they escaped with their lives. Outside the tents I found two stout English navvies lying on the ground in the blazing hot sun. Well knowing the consequences of sun-stroke, I got one on his legs to move him into the shade, but he wrestled with

me and tried to trip me up. His friend on the ground was embedded in some lime, and when he was got up, with the assistance of one of the naval brigade, he presented a ludicrous spectacle, his face being half red and half white, from the mingled effects of the drink he had had and the lime.

"D——n it!" he muttered, "we came up to see the place taken, and they've not done it;" and so they had taken a drink out of vexation.

We were now in the middle of the Crimean summer: for three days about eighty-six degrees of heat, then more moderate, and hot again. We were thankful the nights were not sultry. Among six hundred men there would be found about one hundred sick from fever and bowel complaints, chiefly in those regiments in which the men got their day's grog all at once. Many men took it off "neat." They would thus make themselves feverish, swallow a gallon and a-half of ravin water during the day, and then came dysentery.

In those corps which gave the grog in two portions there was less danger to health, particularly if the men had the common sense to use three-water grog. The rum itself was good, and not too new; still alcoholic drinks, especially with a temperature of eighty degrees, are bad. By degrees the men began to see the advantage of cocoa and rice, which they were prejudiced against at first. They are both most valuable portions of soldiers' rations. What numbers of fine men would now be walking the earth and enjoying God's sunlight, if there had been no spirit ration from the moment of embarkation! As I proved on dangerous expeditions in Africa, and on toilsome ones in the American forests, rough pioneers of the wilderness soon forget their daily longing for spirits—*if they don't see it*, and have a good stock of black tea to comfort them instead.

The whole of the afternoon and evening of the 18th, there was great anxiety in camp regarding General Eyre's brigade of the third division, which at one time was reported

to have been cut off in the suburbs at the bottom of the Great Ravine, at the Admiralty Inlet. The Royal Irish had rushed forward like blood-hounds, till they were brought up amongst the houses by a tremendous fire opened on them from the batteries above them, which poured their shot, large and small, as it were into a basin. The walls of the houses were a feeble protection, as the iron crashed through them, the stones flying in all directions. Some old men, women, and children were in the houses. Books, love-letters, mirrors, cocked-hats, guinea-pigs, and a gooseberry-bush, were captured among other spoil; also a woman followed the fortunes of "a bould sodjer boy." The 9th, 28th, 38th, and 44th, were the other regiments of the brigade. All suffered in men and officers, and all behaved very well. It was impossible to remove some of the wounded till nightfall, when they were brought up by Colonel Sparks (38th) to the fourth parallel, Left attack.

It was reported that General Eyre was killed; but on visiting his tent I found him sitting up (in company with the stalwart Scottish warrior, Sir Colin Campbell), with his head bandaged, from a wound inflicted by a fragment of a tombstone beside which he had taken up his position in the cemetery. His aid-de-camp, Robertson, was also considerably bruised and jaded with fatigue. The previous evening, the General, when inquiring what co-operation there was to be on the part of the French, was told to communicate with a French general at Kamiesch. He rode there, and found that he was on the Tchernaya; he set off there, and it appeared that no orders had been given to this French officer to co-operate at all. General Eyre came back to dinner at eleven, P.M., tired, and was up again at one to lead his men down the ravine. A small party of French assisted in taking a rifle-pit on his left; but if thousands had co-operated in the direction of the Garden

Battery, the result of the day's work might have been very different. The above is a specimen of the evils of a divided command, and of desultory attacks with small bodies. Altogether this 18th of June was "a black Monday."

It was distressing to see the ambulance wag-gons and mules, with litters on each side of them, coming constantly, for some hours, into camp, loaded with the pale and maimed victims of the fight. The surgeons were fully employed. Our huts were in the same row with those of the General Hospital. Sounds of suffering were everywhere heard, buckets full of legs and arms lay at the doors of the hospital huts, and figures tied up in blankets were carried out to the dead tent in the rear for interment. Some of the Irish recruits made very light of their wounds, hopped out of bed on one leg if they required anything, and "shied" arms and legs at each other in play, when not watched.

"Bedad, I'll get a good pinsion now,

anyhow, and no more tranches, but it's bad luck to us we can't get into the ould 'pool' yet."

One of Eyre's brigade, wounded, was left in an open space under the fire of the enemy; he was seen lying there, and occasionally waving his hand for help. The adjutant 48th (Horne), asked two men to go with him to try to get the sufferer away. They tried in vain. He then lay all night, and not till the flag of truce, on the afternoon of the second day, could he be reached. He still survived, and said that a Pole had come to him the night before, and had given him water and something to eat, and promised to come again if he was still alive. Honour to the humane Pole, though fighting in the Russian ranks! Those of them who came out said, it was to fight against the Russians they had deserted.

About this time Lieutenant James, R.E., was captured. He was employed in the Woronzoff Road, across which there were

iron chevaux-de-frise, with trenches right and left, running up the sides of the ravine, to connect the Right and Left attacks.

On returning to the Quarries, in the dark, he kept too much to the left, and fell among a dozen Russians, who took him through the Redan to a Russian general. He also saw Todleben, who planned and executed the earth works of Sebastopol which gave us so much trouble; he was in bed, wounded with a musket-ball. James was confined at first in fort Nicholas. His clothes were sent to him, and his pony and some other effects were disposed of in camp. Eventually he was marched into the interior, and we did not see him again till he was exchanged, months after.

Except on the 17th June, as before alluded to, Divine service was regularly performed every Sunday to the troops, both Protestants and Roman Catholics. The brigades were drawn up in hollow squares, clergymen officiating in the midst—great guns and mortars bellowing in the front at

intervals, reminding the listeners of "a sudden summons." The whole business of the camp, both as to the religious and military duties, was conducted with every regularity that circumstances would admit of.

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CHAPTER III.

Visit the French Works about the Mamelon—The Guards of the Trenches—How Embrasures should be blocked—Visit the French Works opposite the Bastion du Mât—Casualties—Examine a French Mine—Visit the French Lines at the Quarantine—Death of Lord Raglan—Funeral Procession to Kazatch Bay—Women in Camp—Trench Incidents—Ride to Vernutka—A Blast against Tobacco—Discover an Old Acquaintance—Story of Mr. Willis—Impatient Newspaper Articles—Anecdote of a Zouave—Ride to the Baidar Valley—A Land-Transport Sergeant—Mortality—Trench Anecdotes—Establish a Regimental Canteen—Gambling—Cooking—M. Soyer—Danger from the Sun's Heat.

THE French trenches and the Sardinian field-works were very well worth visiting, as studies in the great art of war, during the

memorable siege of Sebastopol; the latter were chiefly about the Tchernaya river, on the left bank, towards Kamara, and were also boldly pushed across the river above the Traktir bridge. These field-works of our Italian allies were remarkably well finished; gabions well and strongly made, fascines securely bound and neatly placed; parapets, embrasures, and ditches all *sharp* and perfect of their kind.

Soon after the Mamelon fell, I got a French "Trench passport," and set out with Captain Hall and Lieutenant Warren, 14th, to visit it and the trenches about it. We rode down the Centre Ravine, thickly lined on both sides with British graves, and destined still to bear a greater crop. At this time I remarked only one stone monumental cross—that over the remains of the Hon. Cavendish Brown; he was slain by the pistol of the Greek or Albanian chief, who had volunteered, out of hatred to the allies, to lead some sorties against us, and who at last fell himself, in all the pride of lusty

manhood, and quite a subject for a painter, as he was carried out of the trenches of the Right attack in his gold-braided jacket and vest and white fustanelli or kilt.

Lower down the ravine, where shot and shell were beginning to be rife, were long mounds of fresh earth, sprinkled with white lime-dust: these covered hundreds of the gay sons of France recently slain—

“Earth walketh on the earth glistening like gold,
Earth goeth to the earth sooner than it wold,
Earth buildeth on the earth palaces and towers,
Earth sayeth to the earth, ‘All shall be ours!’”

Then we came to pickets of the Imperial guard, arms piled, some sitting, others lying or moving about, but all grave and soldier-like, all prepared for immediate action, in their dark uniforms and red facings, and black moustache and beard. They took the bearskin to the Crimea with them, which requires epaulettes or wings on the shoulder to carry it off, otherwise it seems too much for the figure.



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We left our horses with part of the French 20th regiment, trench guards, and going up a trench to the right followed a man of the 25th French, carrying camp-kettles to the Mamelon, and with his firelock slung at his back. We discoursed of the late losses, and passing here and there small parties of trench guards reclining under their great-coats spread out from the parapet, and supported in front by firelocks.

We were very sensible, as the weather was very hot, of the necessity for a greater supply of lime and the deodorising process in the *boyaux*; but it is absurd to be too particular (unless when health is really endangered) in the time of war.

Large round shot had crashed through the crest of the parapet in various places, or demolished a gabion, and a few "Miniés" flew past like the sound of the "little busy bee," but carrying a more fatal sting. Generally the French trenches were deeper than ours; there was more shelter overhead, and I saw in some places two or three tiers

of banquettes; every facility was afforded for mounting up to fire, and there was security (except from the all-searching shells) when it was not required to mark down a foeman over the parapet.

Arrived at the round-topped hillock, or Mamelon, we found what had been the front of the works towards the French, now open and become the rear; inside the parapet there was at the first glance utter confusion (but progress was being made to make order out of disorder); there were massive traverses and underground shelter for the late garrison, all knocked about. Everywhere the effects of the shells were visible. Small craters were in all directions where these missiles had buried themselves and burst; disabled Russian guns were pointing in various ways, some in the air, others to the ground or were half buried. The French were strengthening the new front towards the Malakoff (distant 500 yards) with a double tier of gabions and sand-bags innumerable, whilst some howitzers were ready to scatter their death-bearing fruit, over the

crest of the work, at the enemy's columns, who might, at any moment, advance to endeavour to regain their lost ground.

A duel now commenced between some batteries to the right of the Mamelon and those of the Russians on the left of the Malakoff, that is about the little Redan; as seconds of the fight we watched it for some time from the Mamelon, joining company with a French lieutenant of artillery, who politely offered to guide us about, warning us, where balls most frequently came, to march "plus vite ici!"

Is it that our people are more defiant, or what is the reason of it, that our embrasures were not *blocked* in the careful manner those of the Russians and French were? By no possibility could we see through the former, and very partially through the latter. The heavy rope mantelet or screen of the Russian naval arsenal's embrasures could perhaps only be managed at that locality, unless imported ready-made, but the brace of sand-bags stuffed with hay and suspended from a *bâton*, over the guns in the French

batteries (and four sand-bags laid on the gun) can always be applied, and doubtless prevent many casualties. Young soldiers passing slowly, open embrasures get knocked over unnecessarily. As an old assistant R.E., I cannot refrain speaking out on this matter, at the same time desiring to accord every credit to our excellent engineer and artillery officers, whose zeal and intelligence generally were most laudable.

Having "done" the Mamelon, and got as near as convenient to the Russians on the right on this occasion, and with better success than a Sardinian officer (who, poor man, going on the same errand as ourselves, lost both his precious legs from a round shot from the opposite side of the harbour), I next, on a subsequent day, with Major Hammersley, D.A.Q.M.G., rode down the ravine to visit the very extensive French trenches on our left, and working towards the Bastion-du-Mât (the Flag-staff bastion), &c.

We left our horses with some French

soldiers at a cave, and slanting upwards found ourselves in a mortar battery formerly one of the British sailors' batteries, and which, stinging the Russians severely, and being sunk in the hill-side, suffered very little itself. We next got into a battery of the marine artillery under the charge of a respectable-looking old captain; all was in excellent order, guns ready for action, sponges and rammers resting against the merlons, arm-racks for the fusils of the men, shot neatly piled, and all swept up as if for an inspection.

We looked over the parapet and saw below us the dangerous ground—"a punch-bowl of batteries"—where our 9th, 18th, &c., had lately fought and suffered. Our new friend, the "vieux moustache," conducted us along the parapet to a covered recess where we had the pleasure of making the agreeable acquaintance of a very intelligent young French officer of good family, M. de Grancy, of the Imperial Navy, Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. We

obtained much information from M. de Grancy, and with the assistance of one of his powerful telescopes, we saw the great store of Russian guns and shot collected at the Admiralty Creek, and the bridge across the creek, where the enemy were crossing to and fro rapidly.

News was brought us from another part of the trenches of some casualties which had occurred there:—a party was sitting eating, there was a cry of “bomb, bomb!” they had no time to jump up, and two were killed and eight wounded.

One of the slain was carried clean out of the circle of his comrades, and another lost both his legs. Much feeling and sympathy were exhibited by our new friends at what had just happened to these ten ‘malheureux.’

The trench guards were as usual reclining during the day under their great coat canopies, and on questioning a French officer in the part of the lines opposite the Flag-staff bastion, about the mine there, he asked us if we wished to see it; we

said "Very much," and we followed him to it.

There was a door cut in a mound of earth, and miners were about it. There was something very peculiar in the appearance of some of these men, something wild and reckless in their eyes—and no wonder, as their service was one of great danger; the enemy no doubt was busy countermining the French at that very moment, and preparing to blow them into the air if they could. Meeting death in this way is less agreeable than in a fair fight under the canopy of heaven. The officer ordered *bougies* to be lighted, and, preceded by a miner crawling backwards and facing us along the gallery, we went as far in as we could. On our right was a machine, a sort of fanners turned by a man, for driving fresh air through a tube to the remotest parts of the mine.

The sides of the gallery were cut out of marl like out of a cheese; we crawled along on our hands and knees till the mine divided into two branches, and we went so far that it seemed we had got under the flag-staff itself.

When we came out again, with dirty hands and jackets, the officer said, "Would you like to see the effects of our explosions?" We said we should, and he conducted us to where the earth was heaved up in mounds and sunk into craters; under the cover of these mounds the zig-zags were made towards the Russian bastion.

"Where is the enemy?" we asked.

"A few yards off," was the reply: "there! —at that broken abattis," pointing to some stakes sticking out of the top of a mound thirty yards from us, whilst the flag-staff was forty-five yards off. The Russians and French were watching each other like cats; the sharp crack of the rifle was constantly heard, and the *whish* of the balls cutting the air, when the least portion of a foe was seen at these close quarters.

Of course one is wide awake and active in such a position as this, Russian rifle-pits being round the corner; and following the directions of our guide to stoop here and spring to the right and left there, we got safe through our visit to the salient angle of

the Flag-staff bastion, soon after destined to be a scene of terrible slaughter.

Many of the old soldiers of the trench-guards, perhaps on duty for months, seemed indifferent whether they lived or died ; lying on their backs on the ground and legs crossed in the air, they talked quietly over the occurrences of the siege, or they sipped their moderate portion of ration rum, or smoked away the hour, seemingly adopting the maxims contained in the toper's song—

“ Drink, brothers, drink ! man's life is but a bubble,
Dancing a moment in the lap of death ;
Smoke, brothers, smoke ! and blow away all trouble ;
What better use for transitory breath ! ”

A third visit I paid to the French lines, for information, was on their extreme left towards the Quarantine, and beside the cemetery, where a fierce fight had taken place in April, the church and cemetery remaining in the hands of the French ; the marble and stone tombs and iron railings were terribly mutilated by the Russian shot. Leave was required to be got at the quarters of the general of the

trenches at the Russian country-house called the Clocheton; * in going from this to the advanced trenches there was a bank, on the left, of several hundreds yards, closely pitted with balls which had come over from the town works, and was as it were honeycombed, the balls had struck it so thick. There was a mine of round shot there.

In one of the well-constructed batteries in front, two French naval officers were on the look out, with several glasses, over the parapet, and below them was a party of men, with a gun which they had just fired; they had reloaded it and laid it again, and the hand with the lanyard was looking along the piece with a tiger-like glance.

"What are you watching for so keenly?" was asked.

"A party of soldiers has just gone past that opening," was answered, "and we expect them to return immediately."

* A permanent general of the trenches must know more of them, and be better able to direct the officers commanding the guards, than when the general is changed daily.

Alas! for human nature, what delight it would have given to these cannoncers to see a dozen arms and legs go into the air to testify the correctness of their aim!

A fatal attack of cholera having terminated the long and honourable military career of Lord Raglan, preparations were made for conveying his remains to his own country with every respect. Guards of honour were sent from every regiment towards head-quarters, and to assist in lining the road to Kazatch Bay. At the appointed hour, the funeral car left the house, viz., a gun carriage, with its gun appearing in the rear under the coffin; the pall, a British flag, was surmounted by his lordship's cocked hat and sword. The pallbearers, Marshal Pelissier and General Sir James Simpson, General Della Marmora and Omar Pacha, rode on each side. Then followed after, his lordship's charger with boots reversed in the stirrups, next a large body of staff and other officers of the four armies. British and Sardinian lancers rode in advance, the red and white pennons of the first, and dark blue of the last, dancing in the breeze.

Our men looked lusty, and rode excellent horses. The Sardinians, too, made a gallant show; the officers had abundant silver lace about them, and seemed to ride with pride. The French horse artillery, in fur caps and red-braided jackets, had a remarkably fine appearance, followed by the light and active Chasseurs d'Afrique in sky-blue jackets and red trousers. Next came, in the strength of manhood, Imperial cuirassiers in their glittering steel helmets and cuirasses, and manes hanging down their backs, but the finest men who passed along seemed to be our own Horse Artillery.

Turkish cavalry in their fezes and with carbine on their thigh assisted on the occasion, also our 10th Hussars and our broad-backed heavy Dragoons, their metal helmets judiciously covered with white cotton against the blazing sun. Last of all some of the Land Transport, in red jackets with black braid, brought up the rear, under the command of General Sir Charles Napier's son-in-law, the energetic Colonel Macmurdo.

As the body passed we presented arms, reversed arms, and rested on our arms reversed, and the whole ceremony was perfectly conducted, till the ship bore away the remains of "the Duke's" favourite follower to England, another distinguished victim of the great war.

One night there was a sudden alarm that the Russians were coming up the ravine on our left; we heard a shot, and the sailors immediately jumped out of their tents on the side of the ravine, and I heard the cry:

"Turn out, my lads, with your cutlasses!"

There was a rush, then all was quiet. Inquiring into the cause of the excitement, it appeared that a Frenchman, belonging to a camp on the other side of the ravine, had found his wife, a *vivandière*, in a tent where she ought not to have been; he had fired at her, and then rushed off pursued through the sailors' tents. What was the upshot of the business I never ascertained.

We had no womenkind with our regi-

ment, and it was as well, though some corps had half-a-dozen, but they had better have been away. The idea was that they would be of use in washing or mending clothes for the men, but a soldier is not "worth his salt," who cannot repair his clothes in a common way, and wash his shirt; as to the poor women, from the scrambling way they were sometimes put up, it was almost impossible they could preserve their self-respect, and either look well or feel comfortable on the wild Crimean steppe. On service, if women are unavoidably there, they should be Bloomerised, and turn out in neat hats, jackets, short skirts, and loose trousers, *à la vivandière*: straw bonnets and dragging petticoats are absurd in the field.

In the beginning of July, before the fourth parallel, Left attack, was sufficiently provided with traverses across it, a single shell, as it burst, knocked over twelve fine riflemen. At the same time, a man of the 14th, shot with a Minié through the body, and knowing his end was near, desired those carrying him

out of the trench to stop at the various groups of the regiment, and he took leave of them all in turn—

“Good-bye, Bill—good-bye, Tom !”

It was affecting enough to hear this, and to witness the last shake of the hand. Working in the trenches in the dark, near where this poor man was laid to rest, a party of the regiment suddenly disinterred a Russian previously slain in a sortie; the remains were sickening to those near them, before they were rolled into a new grave.

One Saturday I rode off with Majors Hastings, R.A., and Douglas, 14th, towards the Baidar valley. We passed the Sardinian camp, the tents of which were screened as much as possible from the sun with boughs stuck in the ground round them, or a long porch of branches was contrived in front of the tent to keep off the glare. The mountain scenery beyond was quite Scotch-like, only wanting the heather and the “caller air.” There was also the well-made Woronzoff Road, like one of the military roads

of General Wade, winding along the hill-side with wooded crags on the left, and a deep ravine with rocks and water at the bottom on the right. We kept "an eye in our neck" for Cossacks coming down the ravines and cutting us off. Then we opened into the oval valley, where the villages of Vernutka and Miskomia lay, composed of Tartar houses of wattle and daub (clay), with the low minarets of small mosques rising above the roofs; fields with abundance of meadow-grass, and plum and cherry trees were about the villages.

Something was going on in our front, for Turkish troops were retreating, and a French infantry regiment was piling arms on the roadside; then Pelissier himself, with his usual strong escort, trotted past us. We were approaching the pass which separates Vernutka valley from that of Baidar beyond, when three regiments of French cavalry, which had evidently been in advance reconnoitring, and accompanied with artillery, showed themselves. We pulled up on the

roadside. Pelissier came back at a rapid pace, and we asked the last of the troops if there were any of their people in Baidar; they said not, only Cossacks; so we were constrained to turn our heads, and made a rough pic-nic from our havresacs under some trees, determining to try to reach "the Valley of Nightingales," Baidar, on some other occasion.

We returned by the hills above Kamara, and with the sea on our left. We saw the Turkish battalions in their tents, and luxuriating among the trees, and taking their "kief," or indulging in a dreamy state of repose in company with the everlasting chibouk. Will not our young men be apt to enervate themselves, and fall into a state of kief, if the too prevalent habit of smoking extend much further? The hot bath destroyed the energies of Rome, the fumes of the Virginian weed will neutralize much of the Anglo-Saxon energy. If it is an advantage to look prematurely old, a young man will take to the pipe. I have a lively

recollection of the terrible mouths of some young foreigners, with whom I was associated long ago, and from whose broken and decayed teeth, the meerschaum eternally hung; such men cannot be acceptable to the refined portion of the fair sex. I do not intend this "blast against tobacco" for the moderate smoker of a cigar or two "of an afternoon;" a mild havannah *per diem* has no doubt a soothing effect on some constitutions. I only exclaim against the abuse of the fashionable narcotic. A much valued friend, slain at the Alma, spent £60 a-year on tobacco—he was "a slave of the pipe."

I discovered living at the monastery of St. George, with his wife and small family, an old Sevastopol acquaintance, Mr. Richard Willis, who had been in the English navy, and was lent to the Russians to help to repair some of their ships of war at Gibraltar many years ago. He was afterwards asked for by the Russian government, and entering the imperial service became a master constructor at Sevastopol.

When I was in trouble, as mentioned previously, at the end of the Turkish war of 1829 (suspected of being a British emissary), Mr. Willis assisted me most generously, and took me into his house when it was a risk for him to do so. Mr. Willis had retired from the service in 1854, having broken his leg, and he got only one year's pay and a gold medal, as he had never become a Russian subject; however, having a good vineyard (where the French head-quarters were afterwards established), he lived independently enough, making wine and storing it for two or three years, when it fetched a good price, but to his great misfortune, and that of thousands of others the war broke out.

After the Alma, some of the Russians came on his farm and were obliged to use some of the trees for fire-wood; he assisted some of the officers to food, they were half famished; then there was an irruption of French soldiers, who, like others in war time, are not very scru-

pulous, and they pulled the place about considerably, also taking off poor Willis's boots, having need of them, and not knowing, of course, who or what he was. He had been of some use to Sir Edmund Lyons in getting him some supplies, when he paid his unexpected visit to Sevastopol in the 'Blonde,' in 1829; he had now applied to the admiral, and through his means got rations, and leave to live at the monastery.

It was Willis's opinion, that if the allies had gone into Sevastopol from the south side at once, after the flank march to Balaklava, it could have been easily managed, as there were only two or three batteries to oppose them, and very few men; but from my previous experience of the Russians, they are wonderful people to keep up appearances, and though they were, no doubt, considerably paralyzed after the Alma, yet they contrived to hide their real condition, and put a bold front on their weakness. It was written in the book of destiny, that there was to be a siege, and

much loss and suffering, and so it fell out.

It was understood by Willis, at the beginning of the siege, that there were immense stores of flour, oil, &c., in Sevastopol, and in July, 1855, he saw no immediate prospect of the fall of the place, as the Russians could speedily, by means of their large boats, kept at the inlet, called Golandie, throw in 20,000 additional men, at short notice, to increase the force of 80,000 permanently garrisoning the city.

I was able to be of some small service to Mr. Willis, and I got him a passage to England, but he did not avail himself of it, and remained at the monastery, and at Kurani till the end of the war, hoping to do some good yet for his family at his vineyard, though he is now well stricken in years and lame.

It was annoying about this time to read some impatient articles in the papers from England, complaining that nothing was being done. "Why don't they go in and take the

place?—when is this siege to end?—are there not men, ammunition, and all sorts of means enough to do it?" Well, we were doing our best, and there was no backwardness that I saw in putting ourselves in the way of "shaking off this mortal coil" in the country's service. We believed that we were needed here, and consequently should not on any account shrink from our duty, but take all that happened to us as a matter of course. I think this was the general feeling; also among many, I trust, it was esteemed a high honour to have the opportunity of serving their country on this interesting field. The conflict we were engaged in was a serious one, the issue of it most mysterious, and which could not be calculated, so that we hoped our friends at home would have a little patience, and believe that since it had pleased Divine Providence to remove so unexpectedly the Czar Nicholas, the prime cause of the war, success would ultimately crown the efforts of the allies.

An anecdote of a Zouave impatient for military distinction, may be here given. He had not been long in the service, and he said to his brother, "I have got no decorations!" "You have the best of decorations," answered the other. "What do you mean?" "*Vous avez vos quatres membres.* You have got all your limbs about you!" Those men who returned safe and sound from the Black Sea have much reason to be thankful, after witnessing the fate of thousands of their less fortunate comrades.

I made another attempt to get to the valley of Baidar, and succeeded this time, in company with Lord Mark Kerr, 13th L.I. the Hon. Colonel Colborne, A.Q.M.G. the Hon. W. Colville, A.D.C., and Major Coxe, 13th L.I., though I nearly had my leg broken by the kick of a vicious horse on the occasion. We got at first involved in extensive swamps, under the hills, on the way to Kamara, and found herds of buffaloes lazily wallowing in the mud there.

Passing by Vernutka we visited the hunting seat of Count Perowski, an oriental kiosk on a raised terrace, and ornamented with tower and cupola and minarets. Inside, the French had covered the walls with crayon sketches, showing "the humours" of the camp.

Coming out of the charming Baidar valley, there were Turkish horses laden with hay, and strings of arabas, low four-wheeled carts drawn by oxen and buffaloes, and driven by Tartars in their fur skull-caps, brown vests, and loose white trousers. This hay in the arabas, had been collected by the industry of the French as provision against winter. The supply of compressed hay of the British commissariat was kept up to the last, and was indeed a wonderful provision, unknown to the ancients I suppose. Homer fails to tell us about the Greek commissariat at the siege of Troy, or supplies either for man or beast. They had, of course, stomachs for something besides fighting!

We found some Tartar families in the

village of Baidar, and I encountered a good looking Tartar maiden at a well, in a sheet-like garment. When I first knew Baidar long ago, its beautiful encircling hills and shaggy woods looked down on green slopes and meadows enlivened with the flocks and herds of the peaceful Tartars dwelling in this Crimean Arcadia; now there was silence on the hill side where formerly was life, and the shepherd's staff was supplanted by the weapon of war. Beyond Baidar the most advanced troops towards the pass of Phoros were the *indigènes*, the North Africans, in light blue embroidered jackets and fezes, some of them as black as night, but with a good character for fighting.

I got into conversation with some of them as they sat sipping some ration wine and spirits under the trees of a garden, enjoying themselves with their pipes and taking their "kief." They said they were engaged for two years, had been put in advance at the late attack on the Malakoff, were rushing on when they heard "too-too-too," from the

bugles behind them, and a general retreat. These Arab warriors had lost many of their numbers on this occasion.

We had a pleasant ride back by the hills, and the marine heights above Balaklava. One of the party had joined company with a sergeant of the Land Transport riding along the road; he had belonged to the 97th Regiment, and he was asked how much he got in his new corps.

"We get 5s. 6d. a-day," he replied, "but I would rather be back in the old corps, as we are not revered where we are;" "D—the reverence!" was remarked; "you get 3d. a-day more than an ensign!" This "shut up" the sergeant.

To give an idea how the mortality was going on up to this time, the middle of July, 1855, of the 55,000 British who had originally left England, 17,000 had been killed or had died of disease in fifteen months, and in one regiment, as an example, 95 had died of cholera and fever in January, 1855; 80 in February; 70 in March; then

in April, May, and June, only 18—a change for the better.

Some examples came to my notice about this period, of the difference between old soldiers and raw hands, in the way of getting through a trench, parties of each going in, and the former losing only one, and the other fifteen before the morning. Some young soldiers were observed to be needlessly exposing themselves beside some gabions in the Left attack. An officer of the navy went up to them, and said, "You had better come down out of that, my men!"

"There's no fear, Sir," was the reply.

"There may be no fear," he answered, "but a good deal of danger." A Minié ball at the same time breaking three of the fingers of one of them, they soon jumped under cover.

Whoever desires to carry out the divine injunction, to love our neighbour as ourselves, and to make "the better man the better soldier," will promote temperance in all things by precept and example. On service

it is particularly desirable to do so, on the score of health, of morals, and of efficiency. Intemperate men cannot be depended on for a day for the rough business of a campaign; they may appear well, but put to the test of extra-fatigue or exposure, they invariably break down. They are also generally lax in their morals, inclined to insubordination, and cross and insolent after a debauch.

Our troops were much belied in the Crimea. It is true there was an outbreak of drinking when the arrears of field allowance were paid the men, yet, on the whole, compared with former times, there was much less drinking than might have been expected, considering the heat of the Crimean summer, and the temptations presented by the Maltese and Greek canteens.

"I admire your soldiers," said a French officer to me.

"Why?"

"From the letters I have read which they sent to their friends from the seat of

war: there is so much patient resignation in them, so much excellent principle disclosed, besides other good qualities."

"There are good qualities in the soldiers of both nations," I replied, "which should lead to mutual respect and regard."

I tried a private canteen in the regiment, and it was successful.* A committee of officers managed it; a steady sergeant kept it in a marquee, which I got as a matter of favour; a storehouse was dug out of the ground next this, and we sold everything but spirits: these were strictly prohibited. Of course, the men could get them elsewhere, but we had wine, malt-liquor, tea, sugar, tobacco, herrings, everything that the men might fancy—save destructive alcohol; they were bought at wholesale prices from the merchants at Kadikoi, &c., and retailed at a very small profit to cover breakages, carriage, &c., and the fund thus created was laid out, from time to time, for the benefit of the men. We got them

* The Quarter-Master, Mr. John O'Connor was of great service, assisting in its establishment.

tin plates, pewter washhand-basins, smock-frocks for fatigues, &c. To keep the men also about their own camp as much as possible, a school was established in a tent, and a reading-room in another adjacent; all the papers and pamphlets and odd volumes that could be collected were placed there.

In the way of games, skittles, quoits, and rounders were "got up," and "nine holes" were played with shot large and small. Means were also adopted to enable the men to bathe by placing half-a-dozen half-casks in a spare tent, and filling them every morning from the water-bags of the mules. The savings-bank was not neglected; £150 were put into it in one month, and in three months £600 were remitted to friends at home from the non-commissioned officers and men of the regiment, besides £60 subscribed "by all hands" to the Nightingale fund, to raise a corps of army nurses.

The stout fellows of the naval brigade beside us would play "rounders" in a ring,

with a ball, with many a rough joke and loud laugh, till the moment of going in, of an evening, to the trenches; then they would scuttle off at a rapid pace in groups, with a monkey-jacket or waterproof under their arm, stick in hand, and "cutlash" for an expected sortie, usually going right across the "open," and despising cover. Perhaps in a couple of hours a ball through the head, or a broken limb from a bounding round shot, would lay some of them on their "beam-ends," but their remains were always honoured with head-boards and inscriptions by their messmates.

Gambling was discouraged, of course, in all the Divisions; still, in going about the outskirts of the various camps, small groups might be seen squatted in out-of-the-way nooks engaged with an old pack of cards, or half-a-dozen fellows would be observed anxiously watching the effects of tossing into the air sundry coins of the realm. In ravines, and still more retired places, larger groups were sometimes noticed forming a

a ring and seeing fair play, whilst two "parties" who had quarrelled were settling who was the best man at fisticuffs.

Man is said to be a cooking animal, but the art does not come by nature: some instruction is required. The celebrated Soyer being at "the front," I took the opportunity of visiting him at the Guards' camp, and partook of his excellent soup made from the rations. He had entered into a speculation in large cylindrical kitchens to use in the open air in all weathers, and save fuel. Those I saw were not portable, but he promised to let me see others which would be a load for one mule, firewood and all, but I never saw them. I sent cooks twice to M. Soyer to watch his operations, but something interfered, and he said he would call and explain various things to us; but somehow this also never came off, and we did the best we could without the great artist's instructions.*

* Whether he was paid or not by our government I don't know.

One trick we found out was to make a good soup out of the common salt beef, and in this wise:—boiling for an hour the meat without previous steeping, changing the water, adding to the beef whatever potatoes, rice, or broken biscuit we had, and boiling the whole for another hour, meat and all; this was quite palatable, and the beef not so much “in rags” as to prevent its being eaten. But the grand discovery was making a good moist stew out of very indifferent fresh beef or mutton, which would, by the usual way of cooking, have turned out stringy, bad, and indigestible. The receipt was this: Take an earthenware jar or pipkin; cut the meat small and put it into the vessel with potatoes or any other vegetables at hand; add pepper and salt, and close the mouth of the jar with a cloth; place it in a camp-kettle full of water, but so *that no water enters the jar*; simmer or boil for five or six hours slowly;—at the end of that time a capital moist and well-flavoured mess will be turned out, fit

for any gentleman to sit down to. This was our pet dish, and a fowl done in this way is "first-rate" for a patient.

If no trouble is taken with soldiers to make them cook decently, they will tire of their everlasting common stew of beef and potatoes, hurriedly cooked and hard maybe; and feeling uncomfortable after a meal of this sort, they will take off some "raw stuff," or what an American teetotaller used to call "liquid damnation," to try and relieve themselves of their uneasy sensations. Soldiers require some variety in their messes as well as other people, and to have good cooking. Our plain cooks generally would do well to study among other things, how to dress vegetables and not spoil them, as they too often do, with rapid boiling.

A cup of comfort in the evening, in the shape of warm tea or coffee, with a biscuit, is an important help in promoting temperance, and when a man has got this to look forward to he may keep quiet.

Commend we heartily to our readers our

friend (and successor in African travel on the west coast) Galton's "Art of Travel" for plain and excellent directions how to find water, how to cook, how to take care of oneself, generally, on the road and in the wilderness. I give here the African receipt to make a fire without matches: Take a bunch of dry grass and make it loosely up like a ball; take a smaller quantity of grass and rub into it some moist powder; put it into the large bunch, light some tinder (or touch-paper prepared with gunpowder) with flint and steel, apply that to your powdered grass, swing the whole concern round in the air: it will soon ignite; have some small sticks handy, and you will soon boil your kettle.

By all means be careful of the men's heads in cooking in the open air in summer; get cover if you can for them against the terrible sun, or make them wrap towels, handkerchiefs—anything—round their heads. In hot climates, our nothern people don't know the direful effects of the sun when the

temperature of the air in the shade is 80° and upwards. The trenches during the summer months, with the glare from the white soil, were most exhausting.

CHAPTER V.

Sir James Simpson—Anticipated Fight—The Russians muster at the Tchernaya—Battle-field described—Russians assault the Fedouchine Heights—Desperate fight at the Traktir Bridge—The British Guns there—Defeat of the Enemy—Visit the Field of Battle—The slain and wounded—The Enemy fire on the Ambulance—Colonel Hamley, R.A.—The long-range Shot in Camp—A hot night in the Trenches—The Caves by Day—Effects of disobedience of orders—Dr. Home's Servant—Dreadful death of an Artilleryman—A Sailor tries to burn the Russian Ships of War.

GENERAL SIR JAMES SIMPSON, of Peninsular and Oriental experience, was now the British commander-in-chief. The siege

had progressed steadily, but with increasing casualties (as the trenches got nearer the massive Russian works) till the middle of August; it then became evident, from all we heard from deserters, that the enemy intended mischief outside, and would probably make a bold attempt to raise the siege. We heard of Imperial Guards transported on light carts by way of Nicholaef and Perekop, to the north-side of the harbour of Sevastopol, and of ammunition for the mouth as well as for the engines of war being still abundant. We were kept continually on the alert; thus, in the evenings, a sudden order would come to turn out, at two in the morning, a whole brigade or division, and, marching down to the head of the Valley of Death, we there remained till the day was well advanced. The heat for three days was 94° in the shade.

We had practised this several times, when, on the 16th of August at sunrise, we were made aware of a battle being

fought on our right, whilst we were closely watching the ravines against sorties from the city:—

“Screaming shot and bursting shell,
And bellowing of the mortars,”

were incessant towards the Tchernaya Valley. The Russians had come down from the Mackenzie heights the previous evening, in force about 60,000 men, cavalry, infantry, and artillery, and apparently with the intention of forcing their way towards Balaklava through the French on the Fedouchine heights, and the Sardinians and Turks higher up the valley. It was a bold but a wild attempt, unless a powerful and successful diversion had been simultaneously made on the allies on the plateau before Sevastopol. The ravines being so well guarded, the Russians did not seem inclined to come on in that direction, although we expected them there.

Early in the morning at the first shots

on the Tchernaya, with great alacrity did the French and British Dragoons, under General Morris and General Scarlett, spring to the summons to "boot and saddle;" and, mustering in force, rode down in column to the valley so admirably adapted for cavalry evolutions, and where the memorable charges of the heavy and light dragoons took place on the 25th October previously. The heights of the plateau of Sevastopol and of Kamara towards the sea, look down on this valley, on the right of which, in support, was posted the 13th light infantry (formerly part of the "illustrious garrison" of Jellalabad) under Lord Mark Kerr. A heavy battery of British 18-pounder guns, and 32-pounder howitzers, under Captain Moubray, R.A., took up a position on the Fedouchine heights, in aid of the Sardinians there. The Turks were drawn out on the upper Tchernaya: thus the whole of the allies co-operated in the coming struggle.

The extremity of the cavalry valley is shut in from the broad river valley of the Tchernaya by the Fedouchine heights, round topped and capable of being ascended with tolerable ease; the principal road from Balaklava to the Mackenzie heights runs through these heights, and by which part of the celebrated flank march from the Alma to Balaklava was executed in September 1854. Emerging from the shadow of the Fedouchine, an aqueduct is reached full of water, 10 feet broad and 4 deep; this is crossed by a bridge; beside it was a small octagonal building, in which Lord Raglan had slept on the advance to Balaklava aforesaid. There are several of these buildings along the line of the aqueduct; they probably served as guard or watch-houses for those entrusted with the care of the aqueduct. Beyond is the Traktir bridge, or "bridge of the inn;" it is well built of white stone, and crosses the clear and lively Tchernaya, with a couple of

arches ; in front of it, towards the enemy, was a breast-work, or *tête de pont*, thrown up by the French.

What recollections of a fierce and bloody encounter does not the mention of this bridge call up!—of the roar of artillery and of volleys of musketry, of smoke and dust, of man contending against man, of intense suffering and hundreds of violent deaths, all in a small space ; whilst the waters of the river and of the aqueduct, crimsoned with blood, were eagerly swallowed by the parched wounded.

Looking from the Traktir towards the the right, the steep hills and broken country above the village of Tchorgoun are observed, and beneath them the old tower of Tchorgoun, perhaps built by the Genoese as a fortalice for the village. There is another bridge there.

In front of the Traktir, and across the broad and grassy plain, was the line of the craggy Mackenzie heights, and on

them were placed, faintly seen, Russian batteries. Far to the left were the ruins of the Genoese castle of Inkerman, and beside it the hill-side was honey-combed with the caverns of some of the oldest inhabitants of the Crimea. The battle-field of the Tchernaya was thus one of deep interest.

The Turks, as I said, occupied the country about the upper Tchernaya and towards Tchorgoun; then the Sardinians extended from Tchorgoun to the left, whilst the French guarded the centre opposite the Traktir and away towards Inkerman.

The Russians on the night of the 15th of August made demonstrations towards the upper Tchernaya, seemingly feeling their way, but did not attack there; but another body, descending from the Mackenzie heights, drew close to the Sardinian field-works, which had been boldly constructed on the right bank of the Tchernaya, and, attacking them with powerful

columns at daybreak, drove the Sardinians back to the river; at the same time, pushing other columns towards the river and aqueduct at the foot of the Fedouchine hills, they crossed the river at fords, and carrying with them small wooden bridges, like hand-barrows, they laid them over the aqueduct.

Singular enough the French had not entrenched themselves on the Fedouchine hills, though they had been there for weeks. The Russians, always "wide awake" in the way of espionage, must have seen and known this, and imagined that, once across the aqueduct, which a person without arms or ammunition could jump across, all else would easily follow. The water of the aqueduct was intended for Sevastopol, but it was turned off and wasted itself in the plain lower down in the valley, being retained only at the Fedouchine to help in the defence of these heights.

Perhaps if the French had been cleared

off the Fedouchine heights and sent in disorder into the plain behind them, an attack would have been made on the British from the town, to prevent our falling on the Russian flank in their progress towards Balaklava. The Russians having attacked the small Sardinian force in the midst of a fog at early dawn, put the whole force, French, English, Sardinians, and Turks, on the alert.

On the left of the French, under the Sevastopol plateau, the Russians, covering the plain with skirmishers, and advancing with heavy columns, made a vigorous effort against the division of General Camou. Crossing the river by fording, and the aqueduct by means of their hand-bridges and planks, they advanced up the slope, were received by Zouaves and infantry of the line, and were forced across the aqueduct and river again. Russian guns, brought up opposite the Traktir bridge, pounded the French in that direction and towards the Fedouchine heights; the French guns replied vigorously. The

enemy's skirmishers, pushing on towards the bridge, followed by the columns under the cover and smoke of artillery fire, advanced against the bridge, their long grey coats and flat caps, relieved by their glittering bayonets—a sea of steel—the French were obliged to fall back at first, and the Russians, rapidly crossing the river and aqueduct, hurried up the road and gained some part of the heights which rise on each side of it; but the French rallying above, and bringing up supports of infantry of the line—Chasseurs-à-pied and Zouaves—the former in their little red caps and blue great-coats tucked up, the latter conspicuous in their red fezes, embroidered jackets and red baggy trowsers, all life, activity, and unencumbered, the Russians were driven across the stream again, leaving many dead and wounded, and four hundred prisoners behind them.

The artillery practice still continued,

and the Russians were rallied for a third attempt against the bridge and the heights, crossed again, and were again repulsed with musketry and an oblique fire of artillery, and were followed by rockets; the Sardinian and Turkish batteries, also firing from the heights, acting on their flank. The British heavy battery did excellent service, from its commanding position, on a Russian battery. The first shot struck the ground close to the Russian guns, the next struck them, the third took effect on the gunners, and at the fourth they were seen to disperse rapidly, and abandon their guns.

French Horse Artillery, Chasseurs d'Afrique on their wiry horses and in their gay light blue hussar jackets, mustered along with what General Pelissier called "the numerous and valiant English cavalry," also Sardinian lancers, all ready to take the enemy in flank; whilst reinforcements came from the rear, and six battalions

of Omar Pacha's army, under Sefer Pacha, from the right, General Sir James Simpson and staff also appeared on the field.

The morning mist having cleared away, and the batteries of the allies having full play on the Russian masses, they retired behind their guns of position, followed for some distance by the ever alert sharpshooters of the Sardinians, the Bersaglieri, conspicuous with their round hats and black cock's tail plumes, who preceded some Sardinian battalions, securing in their advance 100 Russian prisoners.

The enemy were now seen to retire in three bodies—one towards Tchorgoun, another disappeared behind the advanced Sardinian works captured in the morning, and the third took the road to Mackenzie's Farm, the whole covered by their cavalry and guns.

The gallant Della Marmora of the Sardinians advanced to re-occupy his lost ground, notwithstanding an overpowering force of the Russians was before him, and going forward with four squadrons, observed at least fifty

squadrons of Russian regular cavalry distributed in twelve bodies, and drawn up with artillery to cover their retreating infantry. These were also under the guns on the Mackenzie heights, which continued their fire all day towards the Traktir Bridge, careless, seemingly, of their own wounded which strewed the plain. The Russian Commander-in-chief, Gortschakoff, had taken up his position on the heights, and there witnessed the defeat of his army.

The loss of the Russians, suffering so much as they did from artillery fire, amounted to from 8,000 to 9,000 men, including the Scotch General Read (brought up in Russia), and another general, killed. The French loss was 1,000, and the Sardinians 200, including the General Count Montevécchio.

The allies had much reason to be proud of this brilliant action, and the enemy also are deserving of great credit for their bold and repeated attempts to force their way over, and through the Fedouchine heights.

There being no appearance of any sortie

from the town, and the battalions guarding the ravines having been sent back to camp (I had previously succeeded to the command of the regiment), I asked and obtained leave from Brigadier-General Barlow to ride to the field of the Tchernaya where the firing was still going on. I saw several hundred Russian prisoners brought up from the river, their faces, long great-coats and boots were covered with the dust of the combat, their cheeks like parchment, and their expression stolid. There were some grey-headed men among them and young boys; Chasseurs d'Afrique escorted them with a smile of triumph on their countenances. Then a wounded French officer was carried past on a stretcher, apparently in considerable pain, from a shot in the leg. Other indications of the combat appeared in the shape of ambulance wagons, whilst on the plain, clouds of dust shewed the retreating Russians followed by allied cavalry; the enemy seemingly trying, but unsuccessfully, to lead our people into a Balaklava charge amongst the guns.

After this, accompanied by my friend Major Dwyer, 14th, I rode along the aqueduct from the left of the French position to the Traktir bridge, and the sights we saw of the effects of shot, shell, and bullets on frail humanity were very painful, whilst some parties who had not probably been in the fight bore past us, exultingly, arms and other trophies of the battle.

Along the line of the aqueduct, and well on the French side of it, lay Russians in various attitudes, grey and bloody; then the red-trousered French on their faces and on their backs as they fell; some had died at the edge of the water, after drinking their last draught, whilst among other strange effects of shot, a fine young Zouave lay stiff on his left side, but in the exact attitude of taking aim, left foot and arm advanced, right hand brought up to his head; his piece was gone, but he seemed still to watch the foe and pull the trigger.

Here and there lay the hand-bridges—two stout pieces of wood with cross battens,

also scantlings and planks, with which it was intended not only that infantry, but also artillery should cross the aqueduct. I am not aware that any of the latter did accomplish this, but there were numerous traces, in the shape of dead men, of the advance of the Russians up the heights; the highest up and much in advance was a brave young officer, who lay for a time on his face, undisturbed, and sword in hand. Next, we came to portions of broken artillery waggons and guns; then a group gathered round the body of a Russian officer of rank, tall, and of a good countenance, with superior under-garments, his great-coat of fine cloth, and with 14 on a button behind—this was General Read; in his pocket was found his instructions as to the mode of attack. Where he fell there was a number of dead horses, perhaps of his staff. It appeared that he had not only directed his troops, but headed them.

The Russians on the Spur battery, in advance on the Mackenzie heights, were all the while looking angrily towards the

scene of their late defeat; and they sent, ever and anon, a ball over our heads, or directed them at bodies of the French on the hill-side; then a shell burst in front of the Traktir bridge, where the killed and wounded lay thick. It was provoking this behaviour of the Russians, and cruel towards their own wounded. I was pleased to see the care the French bestowed on the disabled Russians, in spite of the fire from the Russian guns. They put pouches under their heads, assisted to place them in easy attitudes, and went for water for them. Some of the poor fellows groaned in their agony, others lay on their backs glaring at us, seemingly to expect a thrust of the bayonet to put them out of pain, instead of being cared for, as they afterwards were, with every solicitude in the hospitals of the allies.

Along the line of the aqueduct, the French had thrown up here and there short parapets of earth, to form rifle-screens, commanding the aqueduct and river, but, as I said before, they had not regularly entrenched themselves,

which was an error; but if they had, perhaps they would not have had the glory attending the battle of the Tchernaya. A little French sentry, near the Traktir, was marching about at his post in high spirits, and on my asking him about the combat, he repeated that the enemy had tried the assault "trois fois, trois fois, monsieur, mais créé nom," &c., whilst some civilians from Balaklava, coming for plunder, fled past us up the road out of reach of the shot from the Spur battery.

Next day there was a terrific bombardment. We hurried out in the dark, as if to attack the Malakoff, but we were back again by five in our camps, which it was thought the Russians might have attempted from the town, to regain their credit after the failure of yesterday. At seven I walked to the front to observe the effects of the heavy fire to and from Sevastopol, and noticed, in advance of the left picket-house, a single military figure with a golden beard, seated on a rock, and closely observing what was going on. A shell soon burst

in the air over his head, and the fragments hummed and fell all about him. He was unnecessarily exposed. He got up deliberately, and sauntered back to where I stood, on higher ground. This was the author of "Lady Lee's Widowhood," of the "Campaign in the Crimea," &c., Colonel Hamley, R.A. We stood conversing on the progress of the siege, and I must say he was more hopeful of the speedy termination of it than any officer I had previously conversed with. "If the alliance hold good, the Russians cannot hold out much longer. Men, food, money, must fail them soon, but they keep up their supplies wonderfully."

Hamley, conspicuous in his gold-peaked staff cap, and I wearing a white, loose dress for the heat, we were marked by the Russians, and a gun shell was sent at us, which kicked up the dust, and cracked in the midst of a group of horses grazing before us; they snorted and galloped about the fragments. But another came still closer. We stooped for shelter behind

Major Swinton's headstone. The heavy pieces flew about us, one of which Hamley picked up, smoking hot, and gave it to me. It was time to beat a retreat, which we did "as if we didn't care."

The loud burst and flash of a shell in front of my hut one day brought me out. I thought it was a long range, but it was a Russian loaded shell which some of our artillery-men had brought up from the trenches to examine its fuze, groups of them gathered round, the fuze was attempted to be drawn, and the shell burst causing a serious loss of life and limb among the unfortunate fellows.

I was again on duty in the trenches, and on my way saw where the long range balls fell in the 4th and 89th camps, and the narrow escapes which both men and horses made. The foot of an officer's iron bed was smashed by a great round shot, as he sat reading later than usual in his tent. We had a very hot night of it in the

trenches from great guns and mortars ; shot, shell, rockets, and Minié balls were in the air together ; at times it was a sort of hell upon earth. Our gabions were a good deal knocked about, and men killed and wounded beside them in the fifth parallel.

The Russians came out in three bodies, but went back again to their works, and, thinking they were attacked, commenced yelling, bugling and firing from their parapets furiously. Colonel Ferryman was general of the trenches that night, and he brought up the reserves to the front. When the excitement was somewhat abated, and the more regular firing going on, I took up my position with a few men for a time in the rifle-pit of the fourth parallel, with a man looking over the parapet, to watch for shells coming our way, and dispersing for a moment when they cracked and burst beside us.

In some parts of the trenches in the

advanced parallels, for instance, the men stood thick; whilst in other places, to keep up the communication along the boyaux or zigzags, the men were posted two together at intervals; and in moving about in the dark to see that they were on the alert, I found two of the 14th listening and watching beside the opening into a zigzag, and they said "the grape-shot is coming down that way every minute, sir." I waited till the next blast passed, and got along unharmed, and thankful for the warning.

In broad daylight riflemen occupied the advanced parallels; the gunners worked in the third parallel at their numerous batteries, and the rest of the trench-guards of the Left attack took up a position in the caves of the Valley of Death. The caves were cooler and better than the hot General's hut for the officers, and gave shade to the men, but they were shallow, and some of them capable of sheltering only three men, who formed

a picturesque group crouching inside. I went to see our opposition long-range guns in the second parallel. The breach was sunk in a pit to prevent recoil, and the muzzle elevated at an angle of fifteen degrees, with a couple of stout batons alongside to keep the gun in its place. Balls were sent into the town or over the harbour, a couple of miles, and with the same irritating effect as the Russian long range guns had on our camps.

One of the officers who had wandered to the third parallel, to see the mortar practice, came back to the caves with a contused knee; a thirteen-inch shell came in upon twenty of them, wounded an artillery officer behind a traverse, and grazed the back of a gunner. Shot and shell flew thick over the caves all the afternoon, and we had a couple of casualties there from stones flying about. A cheerful companion on that occasion was Captain Jasper Hall, King's Own Regiment, a relative of, and afterwards aide-

de-camp to, Sir William Codrington. Strong and hearty at that time, he lately sickened and died, to the great regret of numerous friends.

Dr. Price, of the 14th, was standing at the door of the General's hut, and looking at some artillerymen coming over the open towards the second parallel.* The Russians saw them, and sent a hail-storm of rifle balls at them. One man fell, shot through his red night-cap; the rest dispersed, two lying down for shelter under a low wall. A sailor came along, "dodging" the balls; he looked at the body, seized it up, and carried it to the doctor. The spirit had for ever fled, but the act deserved a medal.

Disobedience of orders usually brings its own punishment. Thus an artilleryman was told to load a gun in No. 17, *after dusk*. He went in daylight at six

* This was said to have been allowed by a young officer, just joined, and new to the trenches.

o'clock, took out the gabion from the embrasure, and was proceeding to load when a round shot came in, killed him, wounded two others, and dismounted the gun.

We were greatly tormented by flies by day and fleas by night in August. Those who lived near commissariat stores suffered the most from the former; they swarmed on the food and stuck to the face, whilst the worry of the latter in "the watches of the night" was very harrassing. The long range bothered a good deal some civilians. A Maltese servant of my friend Dr. Home gave warning. He had not bargained, when he came from the nankeen-coloured island, to have his rest disturbed by a round shot tumbling into bed with him, as happened to a poor artilleryman close beside us in front. He was lying in his tent with seven other men, and a ball, making a great hole in the tent, passed through

his body in his sleep, burying itself two feet in the ground below him. The rest thinking it was a shell lay still till it would burst, but as it did not they took up their groaning comrade, who said, "Let me die—its of no use boys—I'm gone." It was believed that Russian spies—pretended canteen keepers—told the enemy where and how to fire; but with all this, not a tent or hut was removed, and shells burst close about General Eyre's quarters.

It was tantalizing all this while to observe a line of Russian ships-of-war, sailing vessels and steamers, extending across the harbour behind the ships, which at the commencement of the siege had been sunk to obstruct the entrance. Some battery, we trusted, would at last be able to touch and tear to pieces these vessels, reduced to their lower masts and yards; but another manœuvre was attempted at this time by an enterprising British boatswain's mate. John Shepherd

volunteered to go in a small boat at night among the ships, and endeavour to set fire to one of them. Twice this boat passed my hut, carried towards the upper part of the harbour by stout seamen. The man, in his low and almost invisible craft, tried to accomplish his object, but did not succeed. The enemy had too many of their own boats rowing about at night. However, Shepherd was rewarded with money and the Victoria Cross for his gallant attempt. There would have been no cruelty in it, as the crew of the devoted ships had plenty of means of escape.

CHAPTER V.

Effect of Rain-storms in Camp—Use of the Rail—
Colonel Norcott's Misfortune—The Commissioners
M'Neil and Tulloch—The Duke of Newcastle—
General Markham—Ladies at the Seat of War—
Visit Miss Nightingale—Effects of Spirits after
Amputations—Installation of the Order of the
Bath—Sorties—Great Explosion at the Mamelon—
The Rev. Mr. Cannon—The Siege recommended to be
raised—Colonel Unett—The Long Range Balls in
Camp—Mr. Russell, of the "Times"—The Russians
case-mate their Batteries—The Naval Brigade Theatre.

THE heavy rain, at times was a serious
inconvenience, though it served to cool the
air, and promote health by carrying off many

impurities; yet the difficulty of moving about was great, laden at each foot with pounds of sticky mud, whilst the horses looked half drowned at their pickets, but which the wet enabled them to draw from the soil and carry off, scampering among the tent ropes. The earthworks were, of course, always considerably damaged, and the siege retarded by heavy showers, and the dead in their shallow graves were sometimes exposed.

The great use and advantage of the seven miles of railroad from Balaklava was now most apparent, the trenches and batteries devouring "no end" of shot and shells. Guns and mortars could not have had their insatiable appetites satisfied without the railroad. This valuable application of modern science to the purposes of warfare was most evident in and after these drenching Crimean storms.

Colonel Norcott of the Rifle Brigade, who was always very zealous in the trenches, and never spared himself—walk-

ing usually to his camp after his work was done in front—had a misfortune in the latter part of the siege. The weather was sultry, and on one occasion he ordered his horse to come for him to ride back to the camp. His groom stopped a while at Green Hill in rear of the Left attack, and had dismounted, when a round shot came over the hill and destroyed in an instant both man and horse. About the lower caves in the Valley of Death was the safest place for a horse to wait for one, after an exhausting twenty-four hours' trench.

In the 14th Regiment, as in other corps, there was a large proportion of very fine men who would "go anywhere, and do anything" they are put to; there were also some strange characters who had taken to soldiering as if by accident, one of this last class joined in the Crimea. The first time he went into the trenches, the men were "sniping" at some trees below the Left attack, where

Russians were supposed to be in hiding; a man fired at a tree and a bird flew out of it, which occasioned much derision; the recruit then asked leave to try his luck, he fired, when a Russian dropped dead from a branch, to the horror of the marksman, who immediately fell on his knees before his officer, and crossing himself, cried out:—"Oh, Musha! Musha! wurra! wurra! it's miself has killed a Christian, it's to hell I'll go for this, Holy Mother save us! Oh, preserve us! I'll die for this. Oh, murder, murder!" A sergeant standing by, trying to control his laughter, could hardly get him on his feet again, but he continued all day muttering prayers and crossing himself, thinking that he would never get over the bloody action of which he had been unintentionally guilty, and that his own death would certainly follow.

The Commissioners, Sir John M'Neil, G.C.B., and Colonel Tulloch, had completed their examination of many evidences

as to the causes of the losses and tear and wear of men and material during the first winter. They worked indefatigably: no one knew their opinions, of course. I had known the first of these gentlemen long ago at the Court of Persia, and the latter as a student at a Scotch college; and I thought that the selection of these gentlemen, for the important mission they fulfilled during the Crimean war, was very wise and judicious. We all now know that mistaken economists and believers in the impossibility of great wars in the nineteenth century, had caused the military resources of Britain to be reduced very low; and some most sagacious public officers would not believe that the Russians would hold out for war as they did, and that there would be a declaration of war, till the day it was made, and then it was thought it might be a mere demonstration, and a sort of agreeable pic-nic about the Mediterranean, or to the beautiful shores of the Bosphorus. But it turned out a very serious affair—war in earnest with a

mighty nation; and then there was the hurried getting together of men and munitions of war; some confusion and some mistakes, as in all human arrangements. But this I think we ought to bear in mind for the national credit—I heard of no instances of peculation, or the making away with stores for private purposes; no cases of bribery or of unlawful gains at the commencement of the war, or during the time it lasted.

The Duke of Newcastle, a most devoted and hard-working public officer, and who had done everything in his power to carry on the war vigorously, was relieved, for political reasons, in his high office by Lord Panmure as Secretary of State for War. He also with the greatest diligence attended to his duties. The Duke then came to the Crimea to watch the siege, and I saw him frequently riding about in a white cap cover and light grey tunic; he was provided with a handsome beard, and he watched from Cathcart's Hill, of an evening, the endless cannonade in front, and shells

pitched among the parties of trench-guards going down to their night work. He lived in a small stone house on Cathcart's Hill, and there experienced the Crimean complaint which more or less prevailed in camp.

I was one day at head-quarters (at the white-washed long and low country-house, with its red-tiled roof, small Tartar chimneys, large back-yard, and out-houses, and grape garden sloping down from the front) paying my respects to the Commander-in-Chief, Sir James Simpson, of whom the Scotch were proud as a firm and resolute old warrior, and who had acquired a high character as a regimental and staff officer, when I observed in the porch a new face, sallow and furnished with a black and grey beard. The expression of the countenance was that of fatigue, of exhaustion. This was General Markham, much distinguished in Canada for forward courage and activity during the Rebellion of 1837-38, and where he was badly wounded, and for exploits in the chase in India. He was so highly thought of

by the authorities at the Horse Guards that he had been sent for all the way from Upper India to take a command before Sevastopol, and probably to head a party to storm it, or the Mackenzie heights; but he was exhausted, poor man. Truly the spirit was willing, but the flesh, by this time, was weak. He had travelled in the hottest season rapidly to Calcutta, and thence came on to the seat of war; but his energies, by the time he arrived, were at a low ebb, though he struggled against his failing health, and did his best while in command of a brigade of the Right attack. I encountered him one evening riding with his aide-de-camp on the heights above the great plain of Bala-klava, for cool air. He asked the hour, and this was our only intercourse.

A few ladies visited the seat of war; and the authoress of a book, Mrs. Duberly (the wife of a cavalry officer), was a long time in Turkey and in the Crimea, sometimes living on board ship, at other times in the cavalry camp, and very often

seen, in her felt hat and drab skirt, observing the firing in front, and not hesitating to ride about the field after a fight among scenes of peculiar fascination.

The Countess of Errol, an old acquaintance in America, was with her husband in Turkey, and afterwards assisted him when wounded at the field of the Alma. She exhibited always great energy, was a great favourite, and did much good among the sick and wounded. She was quite ready to expose herself to danger, and carried arms when they were required.

Mrs. Monro and Mrs. Tinley, wives of officers of the 39th, felt uncomplainingly all the inconveniences of a camp life in their husbands' huts, as did Mrs. Birne, the wife of an officer of Royal Engineers. One lady—Mrs. Straubenzee—was wounded with a piece of shell on the foot. It was an anxious time till the twenty-four hours' "trench" was over, and it happened more than once that an

officer was brought up bleeding and dying to her who had shared his tent on this field of slaughter.

A lady with a small party, among whom was Soyer, rode past my hut one afternoon, in a short and useful looking skirt. She was of a good figure and lady-like, with a composed expression. This was Florence Nightingale, one of the noblest of her sex. Whilst our troops were suffering under privations such as few men have ever been called on to endure, half the infantry engaged at the siege having been cut off by disease in the winter of 1854-55, besides those who were killed in action or died of their wounds, let us here record, very briefly, Miss Nightingale's services after she left all the enjoyments and endearments of her English home: her admirable arrangements, in co-operation with the army surgeons at the military hospitals, and indefatigable exertions to provide linen, aided by the "Times' Fund;" her engaging all those

who could wash, to do so for the helpless soldiers, and to cook for them. Her vigilance and attention were unremitting, constantly working with her own hands, or moving about along the long rows of invalids sighing, and, whilst trying to suppress their groans, watching with glistening eye their ministering angel in human shape. She got large additional accommodation for the sick and wounded, and when the means for furnishing new wards were not immediately at hand, she provided at her own charge (afterwards repaid) the necessary supplies. The government, however, did all that could possibly be effected to remedy first deficiencies on a new field of action, with unexpectedly crowded hospitals. In 1855-56 no hospitals were so well and amply provided as the British.

I rode one day with a medical friend—Dr. P. Frazer K.T.S. formerly in Portugal with Admiral Sir Charles Napier, at the time I was there during the civil war—to visit Miss Nightingale, “ the

soldier's friend," at the row of hospital huts below the old Genoese castle of Balaklava. I always make friends with doctors, not that I have often required their help in many changes of climate, but because we know they are educated men, and, experiencing much, they can communicate much useful and interesting information if so disposed. The conduct of the army and navy surgeons in Turkey and the Crimea, generally, was most praiseworthy; they were most attentive to their duties, constant in their attentions to the sick and wounded, and a large number of them died at their posts.

It appears that from the *petits verres* of spirits of the French, daily imbibed, and often indifferent food, also from our own salt meat and raw rum, that the body was not in a good state for wounds. The healing process was interrupted; and thus out of several hundred amputations, though skilfully performed, five-sixths died. Of 600 Frenchmen amputated, 100 survived.

Much camomile was used in the French hospitals, and tisans of barley-water with liquorice in it. For a time there was a deficiency of blankets, and other conveniences, the French sick and wounded lying in their great coats. From first to last the proportion of the mortality among the French was much greater than among the British (though that was heavy enough), but the French authorities, perhaps wisely, prevented the amount of suffering being known.

Miss Nightingale's page, whom we met on the hill side above Balaklava, said his mistress was at home, and we found her in a clean room in a wooden hut which overlooked, with many others, the Black Sea; the grey towers of the castle of Balaklava being above them. Miss Nightingale had been suffering from fever, looked thin at this time, and was dressed in a bonnet, with a black dress and shawl. Spare white sheets on the walls formed a sort of

tapestry to hide the boards; the table before her was covered with papers and work. She had visited the 14th hospital huts, and approved of their condition; and she offered Dr. Frazer, for the general hospital (to which he was attached) pillows with holes in them for bed sores. Aware of the carelessness of some of the hospital orderlies, she was anxious to know if a supply of nurses would be of use in front, but it was thought not safe to send them, for unless the huts were surrounded with palisades and shut off from the rest of the camp, the nurses might be interfered with.

One object of my visit to Miss Nightingale was to ask where we could get school-books for the 14th Regiment; she promised some help, and I afterwards got a liberal supply of copy-books from her and many numbers of the "British Workman" (monthly paper), which, with the Bible, were used as school-books. We took leave, much pleased with our visit; and on the

occasion of another visit I had the satisfaction of seeing Miss Nightingale looking quite recovered, and well and cheerful. My countrywoman, Miss Shaw Stuart, a coadjutor of Miss Nightingale in works of humanity and mercy, I also saw; she was well adapted, constitutionally, for the labours she underwent among the suffering soldiers, and is deserving of the highest honour.

I was present at head-quarters at the grand ceremony of installing Knights of the Bath—when the Ambassador, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, came from Constantinople for that purpose. There was a sort of canopy erected at the rear entrance of the Commander-in-chief's house, in front of it were the flags of the four allies—French, British, Sardinians, Turks, with the royal standard in the middle. Infantry facing inwards, backed by Lancers, formed a large square in front of this. Artillery were outside, staff and other officers, spectators, were inside the square; salutes were fired, and

an address was delivered by the Ambassador, and replied to by Sir Edmund Lyons, Sir Colin Campbell, &c., on receiving their decorations.

In August, there were two sorties of the Russians on successive nights; they were determined to show that they would not give in easily, Captain Frazer, 97th, was killed on one of these nights, and Captain Forbes lost an arm; men suffered also, and the Russians threw down some of the gabions of the Right attack before they were driven back.

One night, about nine o'clock, I was suddenly awoke, and felt as if I would be shaken off my stretcher by a terrific explosion; I ran to the door of the hut, and saw a vast column of smoke in the air, slowly passing away from above the Mamelon; a large magazine there, of several tons of powder, had been blown up by a Russian shell striking an ammunition cart, unloading, and 200 of the 1st Voltigeurs, officers and men, were said to have suffered.

A deep pit was left after the explosion, and the Russians fired vigorously towards the scene of the disaster, but did not at all interrupt the progress of the siege.

After this, the French purposely sprung a couple of mines to assist in the prosecution of the works; one had a very striking effect as I watched it from my parade-ground. A vast column of black smoke rose and resolved itself into a gigantic bust, like the King of Terrors, looking grimly towards the Malakoff; it gradually dispersed, and had altogether a very ominous appearance.

Among the friends I made during the siege, was the Rev. Mr. Cannon, military chaplain, attached to the 72nd Regiment, a gentleman who gave up a quiet parish in Scotland for a more extended field of usefulness in Turkey and the Crimea. He is the brother of General Cannon, well known in connexion with the war since 1854. The Rev. Mr. Cannon, among other deeds of active benevolence, had assisted, with others,

to establish the Inkermann Coffee-house for soldiers recovering at the Scutari hospitals. At first there had been much irregularity among the invalids there, but a remedy was applied, and at the coffee-house they had good rooms, books, papers, writing materials, dominoes, drafts and bowls, coffee, lemonade, &c., all appliances were found the men to make them comfortable and happy during their convalescence.

The siege was closely pressed, and there was immense firing on both sides. Our losses nightly were forty and fifty. The stretchers were black with gore, and it was an ugly sight for raw boys joining, to see such things carried down into the trenches behind the columns, and knowing that they would not be long empty. Few could conjecture when all this would end. About this time I saw the copy of a letter from an officer of rank and experience addressed to Lord Clarendon, the Foreign Secretary. This officer had objected to the Crimean expedition, and to the siege, in the first

instance, but since it was determined to undertake a siege, he thought the Katcha river was the point that ought to have been attempted at first with French, British, and Ottomans; but, as that was not done, he imagined that the best way now was to raise the siege, make an advance into the open field, and cut off the communications with Baghteserai and Simpheropol. The allies, he said, were not in sufficient force for both operations, and there was no probability of reducing Sevastopol now, and Kamiesch and Kazatch were good harbours to fall back on, in *echelon* of detached forts, to hold during the winter; that the 40,000 Turks who had gone to Eupatoria had done good service there: they had well fortified themselves, had made a gallant defence against a formidable attack, and French, British, and Turks had marched and fought successfully outside. Great advances could not be made from that point for want of water.

My old friend, Colonel Unett, 19th, soon afterwards slain, called one day, and we

discussed the possibility of cutting off the Russian convoys along the coast towards Sevastopol, by landing cavalry, whilst infantry entrenched a place of arms, and, gunboats being posted at both ends to flank it, dashing on the convoys with the cavalry, and retiring, when necessary, to the infantry and the defences.

There was a reconnoitring cavalry expedition about this time, fourteen miles beyond Baidar, descending the Phoros Pass, and going along the coast. At a deserted country-house was found much wine and furniture, including slabs of the Russian luxury, malachite. Some Greeks there in ambush were said to have shot two or three of the mounted party.

In riding round the camp one evening after dinner, for pleasure, with an old brother officer in the 42nd—the Hon. Robert Rollo, now Assistant Adjutant-General, Canada—our conversation was interrupted by a long range ball, which dashed beside us into the midst of the camp

of the 50th Regiment, and occasioned a considerable commotion among the horses and mules, knocking down one of the latter, and collecting a crowd. Sometimes as many as thirty of the long range a day would come among us: "There goes another of these brutes," an old hand remarked, as one hurtled angrily through the air not far off.

Our cannonade was of the greatest service to the French, by enabling them to make their approaches through the soft ground on the right towards the Malakoff. They used to begin a trench at two ends, by placing and filling gabions and connecting them under cover of their own and the British artillery fire. General Pelissier, being large and heavy, and only occasionally riding on horseback, was seen now in an open carriage, attended by his aides-de-camp and hussar escort. Sir James Simpson and staff were continually on the alert at various points. Men's slumbers were

light and short at this time, particularly whilst the Russian telegraphic lights flashed along the Inkermann and Mackenzie heights. The Russians frequently threw bouquets of small shells among our people, and they scattered and fell at night with fine effect. The soldiers called them, from their brilliant appearance, "The happy family."

I encountered occasionally on horseback, and on the famous look-out, Cathcart Hill, Mr. Russell, the celebrated 'Times' correspondent. He is powerful in person as he is a writer, and was furnished with a Crimean beard. I remember an instance of the effect of his writing in Canada. An eminent physician in Montreal tried to read to his wife the description of the preparations for the heavy cavalry charge at Balaklava and the results, and he was obliged to lay down the paper: his emotion prevented his going on. I tried the same, broke down also from excitement, and I consider this chapter

in "The War," by W. H. Russell, as a test of a man's control, or otherwise, over his feelings.

In talking to a French officer as to the means of destroying the heavy Russian earthworks which the allied balls pock-pitted, but could not breach, he said it was rumoured that a late invention was to be tried, and which was effectual in making great gaps among forest trees, viz :—firing 100 pounds of powder enclosed in a strong cylinder, or cask, with a fuse attached ; this bursting at the proper moment, would, it was supposed, breach any mound of earth. On visiting an old Canadian friend, Major George Bent, R.E., then in charge of the Left attack, a most painstaking and intelligent officer, he said that it had been remarked, in addition to the mysterious bridge of 1000 yards of rafts and boats which the Russians had now extended across the harbour, either to facilitate escape, or to bring in easily men and munitions to the south side, that the

enemy was casemating and covering with large timbers and thick earth, the Garden Batteries, &c., exposed to our withering fire. I sat for some time with another old R.E., friend, Major Brown, most active and zealous in the Right attack opposite the great Redan, where the hardness of the ground and the necessary exposure to cross-fire, in forming the advanced trenches, had resulted in a dangerous wound to the Major through his left shoulder and arm. Captain Oldfield, R.A., than whom none worked harder or took more interest in the trench work, after being daily and closely passed by death during the last ten months, was at length struck on the head by a fragment of shell at a battery of the Left attack, and, to the great loss of the service and the regret of many friends, never spoke more.

It is singular to record, that, in the midst of all this "battle, murder, and sudden death," the sailors of the naval brigade enclosed a space for scenery, and

erected a theatre on the slope of their ravine, where, sitting on the hill side *sub Jove*, after the manner of the ancients, the audience had this bill of fare placed before them:—

THEATRE ROYAL, NAVAL BRIGADE.

“ By particular desire, will be performed this evening, Sept. 1st, the laughable farce of

DEAF AS A POST.

After which, a variety of comic songs and dancing, to be followed by the farce of

THE SILENT WOMAN.

Interludes of singing and dancing, to conclude with the laughable farce of

SLASHER AND CRASHER.

A finale by the company, singing, &c.—
Seats to be taken at half-past seven, performance to commence at eight.”

As we sat there enjoying the mirth and music of these honest fellows, I was surprised that the Russians, whose information

was so good of the doings in camp, did not pump in amongst us two or three long range shot; they had sent them as far before, and might now have caused us to substitute groans of pain for laughter and applause at some very respectable performances.

CHAPTER VI.

Indications of a Crisis—A ladder Bridge—The Russian Ships at last touched—Horrors of a besieged City—A hot Bombardment—Bridge across the Harbour—The British siege Train—The state of the Trenches—Occurrences on the 7th September—The eventful 8th September—Distribution of Dragoons and Highlanders—The Third Division—Rencontre with General Pelissier—The Cannonading dies away at noon—Appearance of the Redan—Storming of the Malakoff—Assistance rendered by British Artillery—Colonel Strange, R.A.—Assault on the Redan—Generals Codrington and Markham—The Stormers repulsed—The causes of this investigated—The Sappers—The Killed and Wounded—General Wyndham—The French repulsed—Great Slaughter—Arrangements to renew the attack on the Redan—Violent explosions—Sevastopol

in Flames and Evacuated—Examination of the Russian Works—Anecdotes of Sailors—Reflections on the Fall of Sevastopol.

“THERE is something going on in the French Engineers’ yard, near where I live in camp,” said a very intelligent and attentive army surgeon, Dr. Longmore, 19th Regiment, who paid me a visit in the beginning of September; “they have got some ladders, together with planks on them, and are practising running them over a ditch.”

“No doubt a practice for the Malakoff,” I replied, “and I wish our people might have the chance of co-operating there also.”

“The beginning of the end” was not long in appearing, and in a very striking and brilliant manner. On the evening of the 5th September, there had been much shelling from our side, and I turned out of my hut at nine o’clock to look round. I observed a glare of light over Sevastopol, as if it were on fire, and looking in upon Brigade-General Barlow, I said, “The city seems on fire,” which broke up a small

party there. I then went to Cathcart's Hill to get a better view, and there saw a grand sight, a large ship in the harbour on fire from stem to stern, touched at last by the missiles of the allies. The ribs of the black hull were seen through the blaze, and the flames licked her masts, and a thick canopy of smoke rolled over and away from her towards Fort Constantine; her guns went off at intervals; the red flames were reflected in the waters of the harbour, where steamers were seen to ply backwards and forwards as if to help their consort; but help was vain. The ship after a time blew up and disappeared; next day another frigate took fire and was consumed. "The plot was thickening."

What was doing all this time inside Sevastopol? No doubt there was a vast amount of misery and suffering, for our shot and shell seemed to search every part of the city, crashing through roofs, descending into the lower stories, and dashing on the open streets in a cloud of dust and gravel.

There was a look-out place on the British extreme right, and in advance, where an officer was posted all day with good glasses and a note-book, and sheltered from the sun by a slight awning on four uprights. I was twice there, and saw our shot bursting into large buildings, and a flight of soldiers and women from them afterwards, and the apparent uncertainty of the unfortunate people where to go or what to do. Theirs must have been a life of continual harassment; destruction, danger, and death continually before them.

“The bursting shell, the roof-tree torn asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade,
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

Were half the power that fills the world with terror—

Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts—
Given to redeem the mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts.”

On the 7th of September the weather was cool, but the fire was the hottest we had yet seen—a continual cannonade and

bombardment. A dozen shells were seen aloft at once; the air was rent with missiles, balls, bombs, and rockets crossing each other; the rattle and roll of musketry and great guns was replied to by the enemy; the smell of "villanous saltpetre" filled our nostrils; the wounds and death around roused the worst of passions in many breasts; the projectors of the missiles thirsted for each other's blood, and hurried on a crisis. The devil seemed to be abroad this day, and hell to have broken loose.

Since the beginning of the month we were losing at the rate of a regiment in ten days, and the French, from their greater number, a brigade in the same time.

The French had been in the habit of late of exploding small mines to facilitate their advance on the Russian right. The explosion of these, accompanied with strong jets of flame, and a burst of smoke into the air, was followed by crushing fire all along their lines, whilst our people continued a steady and incessant practice against the



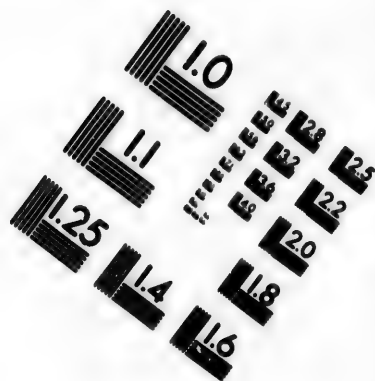
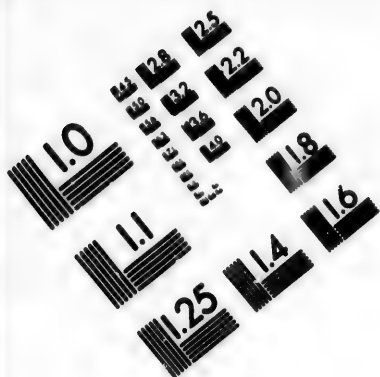
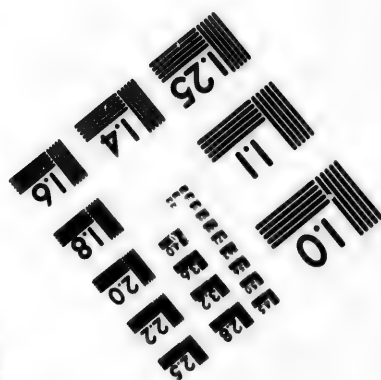
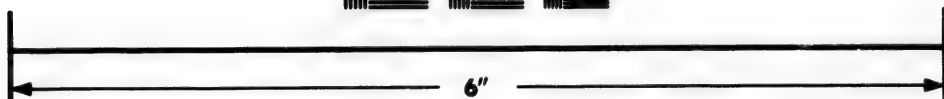
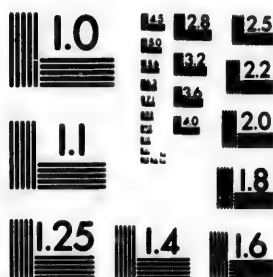


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Redan and right flank of the Malakoff in co-operation. Our musketry practice, at night particularly, must have resembled hornets about the Russian batteries, and behind them in the town; the flight of the Minié ball is so far, that no place could have been safe from the terrible torment of missiles of all kinds. The cheeks of the embrasures of the Russian batteries were torn and ragged, the gabions sticking out; the attempts of the enemy to repair them must have been attended with great loss of life.

The floating bridge across the harbour to the north side was observed to be much used now. At one time quantities of stores seemed to be carried across from the town; at another time furniture apparently; then great bundles of forage were brought to the town, possibly to assist in giving shelter against the streams of missiles; next, large bodies of the enemy would be seen to come across to the south side, to strengthen the garrison in resisting an expected assault on

the place ; whilst signalling went on along the heights, and we anticipated another attack like that of the 16th August, as another attempt to raise the siege.

Our artillery practice seemed perfect. Every ball and bomb appeared to tell exactly where they were intended. The British had now in operation

34 13-inch mortars,
27 10-inch ditto,
16 8-inch ditto,
20 5½-inch cohorns,

—

Total 97 mortars and two Lancaster's.

—

61 32-pounders,
37 8-inch guns,
7 10-inch guns,
6 68-pounders,
3 9-pounders,

—

Total 114 guns.

The hammering from such a forge may

well be fancied to have been terrible on the doomed city and its defences, besides the free use of the munitions of war from the French batteries. The expenditure of musket ammunition was so great, that it was understood to have been 150,000 rounds by the British alone each night, at the last bombardment. The Russians seemed fond of vertical fire, and sent showers of iron on our advanced works.

Our losses were heavy. About this time, Captain Pechell, 77th, Captain Anderson, Assistant Engineer, Captain Snow, R.A., and Captain Buckley, Scots Fusilier Guards, were killed; Captain Verschoyle, Grenadier Guards; Lieutenant Chatfield, 49th, and Lieutenant Phillips, 56th, were wounded; and about one hundred non-commissioned officers and men were killed and wounded daily, including the losses of the Naval Brigade, who were working hard with their large ordnance near the General's hut in the Left attack. There we could not well push our advances farther;

with the fifth parallel we had got to the edge of the rocky tongue of land overlooking the Admiralty creek, flanking, as it were, the Garden batteries of the Russians. To descend to the Woronzoff Road with a sap, and climb again towards the Barrack batteries, was possible, but the labour would have been great, and the loss of life heavy. The Right attack had got also to "the length of its tether," and had come to ground 250 yards from the Great Redan, which was hard as a paved street, and crossed by the fire of scores of Russian cannon.

The French had pushed their zig-zags from their five parallels, between the Mamelon and Malakoff, working through soft and favourable ground (this was their good fortune), to within twenty yards of the edge of the ditch of the Malakoff, though harassed not only by direct fire from the Malakoff and the curtains about it, but also flanked and raked from the south side of the harbour (this was their misfor-

tune), but they persevered nobly. They were not far off the Little Redan, east of the Malakoff, say one hundred yards; on the left they had got within a few yards of the counterscarp of the Flagstaff battery, and about a hundred yards from the ditch of the Bastion central. Such was the state of the approaches to the Russian works on the evening of the 7th September, when also a considerable force of Sardinians was marched to the French Left attack to assist there. On the French right, at least 30,000 men were collected about the Mamelon, and towards the Malakoff.

A Council of War was held on the 7th at the British head-quarters; Generals Pelissier and Della Marmora were there. The crisis had evidently come, and any doubts about it were set at rest by an order to clear the hospitals of patients who could be got to the rear, and to make ready for a large number of expected wounded.

The morning of the eventful 8th of

September was clear and cold. There was a bright sun, and there were clouds indicating rain, but none fell till the afternoon, and then slightly. A strong wind, bringing with it a sharp dust, blew towards us from Sevastopol. The weather was uncomfortable, but few thought of it, as expectation was raised to the utmost to watch what was going to happen at this stage of the great drama of the war.

Dragoons—heavies, hussars, and lancers—rode to the front from their camp at Kadekoi, under Colonel Hodge, and were distributed as a chain of videttes, to prevent stragglers coming into our trenches, or crowds of spectators about Cathcart's Hill; however, there were many anxious gazers in oriental guise, and camp followers, on various knolls around. The Highlanders were marched up from Kamara, under Brigadier-General Cameron, and were in reserve at the Right attack. The Guards were posted in the Woronzoff Road. Part of the first division held the

trenches of the Left attack, and the second and light divisions were marched into the trenches of the Right attack opposite the Great Redan.

Our third division was directed to move to the front by regiments, and muster behind the heights, so as to be ready to co-operate when our services should be required. I was riding towards the rendezvous across the level ground in front of our huts, at the head of the regiment, which was in good fighting order, when Major Dwyer galloped up from the rear, and said that General Pelissier and staff were approaching us from the left. He appeared with a numerous staff and escort, and one man displaying a large tricolour flag, apparently to hoist on the Malakoff, if it should fall, which, from the bearing of the General, he seemed to have little doubt of. I carried arms to the old warrior, and he passed on, but was immediately after stopped by a British sentry, and directed to make a detour more to the rear, which the Com-

mander-in-chief immediately did, though, doubtless, not without some maledictions on the part of his suite.

General Eyre massed his division and piled arms, and then rode off to the second parallel, Left attack, to which we saw Sir James Simpson, Sir Richard Airey, and Colonel Pakenham proceeding. Soon after this, we observed a figure carried to the front on a stretcher by sappers; they were preceded by two mounted officers. We supposed it was the funeral of a sapper, though it seemed to be a strange time for it; but it was the gallant and indefatigable Sir Harry Jones, the commanding Royal Engineer, who, though suffering much from illness, and unable to ride, had himself taken from his bed to be present at the assault. By and bye more stretchers, with wounded men of the Naval Brigade, were carried from the front, and then another stretcher was brought past us; this bore Major Chapman, 20th Regiment, Assistant Engineer, an old acquaintance, who

had now, after many escapes and much trench duty, got a wound in the knee, from which he sank and died.

The cannonading went on briskly in the morning, and died away towards noon, to deceive the Russians, who usually rested themselves at that time. At Seringapatam, in the East, long ago, the same manœuvre had been practised, and successfully. After twelve o'clock, Major Robertson, A.D.C., rode up, and said—"General Eyre sends to say that the Malakoff has been assaulted and carried, and the British have entered the Redan;" also that we were to move more in advance; we did so with alacrity, and halted in full view, and within range of the Russian works.

Our attention was directed to the Redan. To our surprise we saw our batteries throwing shells into it, scaling ladders lying on the exterior slope of the parapet, and dead bodies all about it; something unaccountable had happened. Presently, round shot came from the Redan, directed

at us. The first came dashing towards us right in the teeth of the division, knocking up the dust and stones, dispersing a group of lookers-on; then the word was "Look out on the right!" and my grey charger was nearly knocked off his legs by a ball which threw the dust up in the faces of the grenadiers. There had evidently been a desperate struggle at the Redan, and our people had failed to hold it, but we doubted not that another bold effort would be made, and, though ordered to move a little to the rear, the whole afternoon we were expecting the order to cross the Valley of Death and the Woronzoff Road, and try the Redan with the third division. Some one suggested this to our Commander-in-chief, but he said, "They had better stand fast," it was not the proper time. Again, if we had attacked in the dark, after midnight, as was also suggested, there might have been considerable crowding and confusion at the ditch; of course, great

slaughter, wounds, and death, and horrors in plenty; many were quite willing to risk all this, but after four in the morning was evidently the best time to assault it again. I sent to the huts to get up some tea, biscuit, &c., for the men. The wind continued cold and bitter. Some got up fires, and after dark the order came that we were to go back to our camp, and be ready to turn out at a moment's notice.

It was understood that for some weeks past 10,000 men of the Russian reserves came at night to the Malakoff to strengthen the force there, and, if all was quiet, they returned over the bridge of the Admiralty Creek at half past eleven A.M. The same arrangement took place on the 8th September. At this hour also, the old General commanding in the Malakoff, coming out of his subterranean bomb-proof chamber, under the ruins of the Malakoff tower, and looking round, said to some of his officers, "I don't think they will attack us to-day,

but be prepared for to-morrow;" and so all went into their holes again to dinner, when suddenly they were surprised by the apparition of Zouaves and Voltigeurs on the parapets, running along them and jumping down among the guns, with their numerous traverses and well-sheltered interior works.

At noon the French had suddenly issued from their advanced sap carrying a wooden roller on uprights, planted it at the edge of the narrow ditch of the Malakoff, run over it five 30 feet ladders to which planks were fastened, stuck them into the earthen slopes of the parapet opposite, and rapidly crossed and ascended—slanting—the high parapet. They also, as a French soldier told me, got in more to the right, by descending into the ditch and scrambling up the opposite scarp and slope of the parapet. It was quite a surprise for the Russians, and well arranged. A few shots were fired, the garrison retreating with a scattered fire out of the Malakoff, which, very well enclosed all

round, was occupied by large numbers of its nimble assailants. The blue St. Andrew's cross on its white ground was hauled down, and the tricolour we had seen carried to the front, a short time before, was run up on the flag-staff: a very proud moment for France.

By this time the Russian reserves before mentioned were moving towards the bridge over the Admiralty Creek, and, observing some commotion about the Malakoff, they tried to go back and assist there; a British officer prevented them, and materially assisted in enabling the French to hold the Malakoff. Major H. F. Strange, R.A., was in command of the batteries in the Quarries; and, after the French columns had attacked the Malakoff, and were trying to establish themselves in it, he perceived masses of the enemy pushing forward to repulse them through some streets of the Karabelnaia suburbs, which were enfiladed by only two of the guns of No. 17 Battery, where he was commanding. Promptly cutting away with

his artillerymen the left faces of the five other embrasures, he brought the guns to bear in the same direction as the other two, though it threw them off their platforms, and was enabled to direct a crushing fire of round shot and shrapnell on the Russian reserves coming up in support.

The Russians came on to the open ground, but the shot and shell told on them fearfully, and arms and legs flew into the air; they retired, but, again attempting to run this terrible gauntlet, they were driven back a second time. The energetic service performed by Major (now Lieutenant-Colonel) Strange, C.B., at a critical moment, was most valuable.* The Russians, giving up the Malakoff, ran towards the Redan, filling the wide space behind the breastwork which crossed it. Thus the enemy at the Redan became overpowering, and this accounts for what now ensued.

As soon as the change of flags was observed on the Malakoff, four signal

* Though hitherto not generally known.

rockets went up from Chapman's battery, for the British to attack the Redan. This was considered necessary as a diversion, to assist in securing the French in possession of the Malakoff, and to draw off a large portion of the enemy to other quarters. Yet it might have been delayed till the guns of the captured Malakoff could be brought to bear on the rear of the Redan, which it commanded. In the mean time, however, the assault was to be made under the great disadvantage of the 250 yards of hard open space, crossed with the fire of round shot, grape, and rifle balls, to be traversed from the fifth parallel before reaching the ditch of the Redan.

The previous evening the scaling ladders had been placed behind the gabions of the imperfectly finished sixth parallel, which extended a short way in front of, and to the right of the fifth parallel, so that, as the troops issued from the fifth parallel, they could pick up the ladders and go on with them without loss of time.

General Codrington, all animation and life, and General Markham, feeble from illness, but with an unquailed spirit, were in the advanced parallels, directing. It should be remembered that General Codrington, always on the alert, had first discovered the enemy at Inkerman when going his rounds before it was light, on that bloody morning. The covering party of 200 men, Buffs and riflemen, were under Captain John Lewis (my former adjutant in the transport 'Saldanha,' and whom I well knew to be an excellent officer), and Captain Hammond, who bore the admirable character of a Christian soldier. Captain Maude, Buffs, and Major Welsford, 97th, carried the ladders with 320 men. The rest of the stormers consisted of parties of the Buffs, 1st, 19th, 23rd, 30th, 41st, 47th, 49th, 55th, 62nd, 77th, 88th, 90th, and 97th regiments, with a party of sappers and miners, to make a lodgment, under my lamented friend, Ranken, R.E. The whole were under Brigadier General Wyndham, who physically and men-

tally was well calculated to hold a post of such honour and danger.

Eager to engage and enter the mound of dull red earth before them, with its short flag-staff—the Great Redan—which had devoured for months such tons of shot and shell, and from whose flanks had issued such deadly missiles, the moment the signal was made that the Malakoff had fallen, our people, jumping over the parapet of the fifth parallel, rushed to the head of the single sap before them, amidst showers of shot and rifle-balls from the Garden batteries and flanks of the Redan. Stopping for a moment for breath, and to take up the ladders, they moved on again over the open ground, raked and crossed with a murderous storm of iron and lead, dust and smoke blowing in their faces—(numbers of officers and men fell before they passed through the abattis of trees broken with shot)—and reached, at the salient angle, the edge of the ditch, into which the ladders, fifteen feet long, were lowered,

and found rather short, but the men scrambling down to the bottom of the ditch, some of the ladders were transferred to the other side, and were then eagerly mounted. The work was entered over the crest of the parapet, and through the embrasures, the Russians firing from the interior, and retiring, as our men showed themselves, to the shelter of heavy traverses between the guns inside, and of the breastwork which ran across the Redan some distance from the salient. Our people charged down into the interior, but so many were killed and wounded at first, that there were not sufficient left to reach with effect the breastwork.

Our men got as far as the fifth traverse on the left, and parties held the rear traverses, firing at the Russians, and from the crest of the parapet. The force of the Russians behind the breastwork was constantly increasing when ours was melting away. The Brigadier sent for supports to General Codrington; they were sent, but from the murderous fire to which they were

exposed as they crossed the open space, they were mere dribblets by the time they reached the Redan. If a great wave of assailants could have been sent in entire, there might have been a different result, but poor humanity was annihilated under an intense cross-fire. Our people did what they could, and acted as a powerful diversion, and laid down their lives in their country's service, whilst the French were establishing themselves in the Malakoff.

From the nature of the Redan, with its narrow point, where, beside the flagstaff, was a platform, on which our people, as they came over the crest of the parapet, were crowded and exposed, from the traverses between the guns taking up the area, and also an inner parapet to save the Russian gunners from the effects of shells bursting in the interior of the work, it was impossible to get our men collected in sufficient numbers to make a rush at and over the breastwork which commanded the interior of the Redan. Many attempts were made

by the Brigadier and other officers to get up a force for a charge, first on one side, then on the other, but the officers turned out to be destroyed, and the men fell beside them. This went on for nearly two hours ; human nature could hardly do much more.

All this while the sappers, under Lieutenant Ranken, R.E., were hard at work in the ditch of the Redan. After assisting to plant the ladders, they pulled down gabions from the parapet of the work, filled them with stones and earth, and made on both sides of the salient, as well as the flanking fire up the ditch allowed them, cover for the men crossing the ditch, also an easy descent into the ditch, and a ramp to ascend the face of the parapet, without ladders being required at all. Captain Montague, R.E., had first asked for and obtained 100 men as a working party, and then 200 more, in case a lodgment had been made within the Russian works.

Officers and men were now observed to stagger out of the Redan, and try to get to

the rear, severely wounded ; they stooped, they fell, and rose no more. Colonels Unett, Emans, and Handcock, were carried to the rear mortally wounded ; the wife of the latter was anxiously watching from the right piquet-house. Lieut. and Adjutant Dyneley, of the 23rd, who had acquired the character of a good and zealous officer, struck through the body, moved to one of the Woronzoff caves, where he was found in a dying state. The boy-Captain Lockhart, 41st, only a few years a subaltern, who had come with me from Malta, a fine little fellow, and no doubt much beloved at home, was shot through the head. Young Goodrich, 90th, had a narrow escape. He had taken out his revolver to use it as he advanced to the Redan, but replaced it in his belt ; three balls struck it and broke it, but did not enter his body ; his sword was destroyed in his hand, and he received a ball from above through his shoulder and out at his back, from which he recovered. Colonel Lysons, 23rd, had a

ball in his thigh outside the Redan, but with the help of a bandage, he managed to get to the rear painfully, and witnessing many casualties in his fine regiment.

The ammunition of the men was nearly expended. General Wyndham's messengers for reinforcements in formation had been knocked over; he saw the emergency of the case, and determined to go himself to bring them up. Telling an officer in the Redan why he went, he passed through a storm of shot on his way to the fifth parallel, and found General Codrington at his post.

"I want more men immediately and formed up," said the Brigadier.

"Take the Royals," said General Codrington, "they are the nearest;" but at this instant a change for the worse appeared at the Redan. The men had clung to it inside and outside for a long time, though many of them believed it to be mined. The Russians, in overpowering

masses behind the breastwork, had got field-pieces through it to play on the interior of the salient; then advancing along the interior parapet, they were met by our men in diminished numbers; mortal hand-to-hand conflicts ensued, and bodies were afterwards found mutually thrust through, or clasped in a death struggle; but the great torrent of Russians prevailed, and our men were driven through the embrasures and into the ditch, where they were fired on from above, and shot pitched on them. Some, like "Redan Massey," lay there unable to rise; others scrambled out and regained the fifth parallel, from which heavy firing opened on the Redan, which cleared the exterior of the Russians.

Thus had the Great Redan been assaulted and carried, and held for two hours; and though it was mortifying that it was not held longer, it was so ordered by Divine Providence; and probably if our people had retained it in force during the night, they

would have all been in the air before the morning. We know there were wires laid to blow up the magazine in the Malakoff, which were only discovered by the French picking up earth to throw on the burning gabions used to smoke out some of the enemy who fired from the lower part of the tower, and refused at first to surrender.

Our people did what lay in their power, and are not less thought of or esteemed by their comrades than the repulsed assailants of the breach at Badajoz, covered with harrows and crows'-feet, and bristling at the top with sword blades. The slaughter at both places was great; a great sacrifice was required, and it was given. It was never intended that we should have invariable success, we might become insolent when we are enjoined humility; and balancing our successes afloat and ashore in this war against our reverses, we have much reason to be thankful for what we have been permitted to achieve. This is my view of

the matter, and I hope I am not singular in these opinions.

Let us see what the French and Sardinians were doing on the left, towards the Central bastion and *Bastion du mdt*, possession of the latter being the great object of their ambition, and towards which miles of trenches were directed. They issued gallantly from their lines, made desperate efforts against the enemy's works, but were beaten back, and their dead formed two great piles at both these places. Again, at the Little Redan, they made bold attempts on it, and on the adjacent curtains. On both sides the combatants fought without cover, the Russians exposing themselves on their parapets, and the French in the ditch and on the crest of the glacis, firing away, and falling rapidly. A battery of field artillery was run down through the French lines, levelled in places, and blocked temporarily with gabions to let the guns pass, and play on the Russians, but it was obliged to retire with heavy loss of men and horses. The rattle of

the musketry was incessant and distressing to the ear; clouds of smoke rose and hung over the scene of blood and death. The dead at the Little Redan on both sides lay in rows, and after a time the French gave up further attempts in that quarter, and, like the unsuccessful assailants at the other assaults, are sympathised with and honoured for their bravery.

It was fully intended, as I said, to renew the attack on the Great Redan; the third division made sure that the honour of this would be theirs, as the division was strong, and was kept in good fighting order. The Guards and Highlanders and the fourth division, no doubt, expected to have shared in the enterprise; but there was a valuable body of men who might have been also employed with advantage at the assault on the Redan. Unlike some of the young soldiers who had lately joined to make up the number of those who had perished from the exposure and hardships of the previous winter, and who had not come to their strength, the

Royal Marines of the fleet, numbering 1000 or 1200 men, all of them stout fellows, most of them five or six years in the service, lusty and full of fight, would no doubt have given a good account of themselves, and rendered valuable aid at the storm. Perhaps, however, those who had picked and dug and fought so long in the bloody trenches might have been jealous at new hands sharing with them the honour and perils of the assault.

Besides the French and English naval brigades in the trenches, the fleet was not idle on the 8th September; and though the large vessels could not anchor in safety from the violence of the wind outside the bays, the gun and mortar boats, from Strelitza Bay, kept up a heavy fire towards the works about the Quarantine.

In the afternoon the wounded began to appear in camp, in twos and threes, walking slowly along; others were carried on stretchers, groaning with pain and asking for water; next the mules with their loads

uneasily swinging on each side ; and lastly the ambulance waggons, full and dropping gore on the dusty steppe as they proceeded to the hospitals. Stretchers, mules, and waggons, as they discharged their loads, returned for more. When we regained our hut in the dark, the sounds of suffering were distressing all round us, from the general hospital huts. Balls were being cut out, and amputations performed, with all the accompanying anguish. About a score of men died beside us in the night, and were laid out in their blankets at the dead tent in the morning.

In the light division there were 88 officers and 1,058 men killed and wounded. In the second and other divisions, 158 officers and 2,026 men killed and wounded on the 8th September. The Sardinians lost 40 men ; the French are said to have suffered to the extent of 9,000, the Russians 11,000, on this occasion, but 20,000 more within the last few days, under the

"infernal" allied fire, which gave them no rest or respite. Their officers lay thick about the Little Redan, having boldly exposed themselves to encourage their men.

I had not long lain down in my clothes, for an early turn out, before a violent explosion in the front shook the ground, followed by others, whilst a glare of light was over Sebastopol. I thought that the Russians were endeavouring to retake the Malakoff, and I expected every moment the summons for the Redan. Those nearest to it in the trenches observing no movement in it for some time in the night, Corporal John Ross, R.E., crept up to the ditch and entered the work. This was reported to Sir Colin Campbell, who was lying in wait to assist with his usual energy at the expected storm. He called for volunteers to go up and examine the Redan. Men of the 93rd Highlanders immediately came forward, got into the ditch,

slippery with blood and choked with dead and wounded, climbed into the work, and heard sounds of distress about them from wounded men; but the defenders were gone. Our troops took possession, and two British flags were hoisted on the Redan.

It appears that the previous evening, the Russians having collected combustibles to destroy the town as much as possible, set fire to them, and blowing up their magazines, and keeping up for some time a musketry fire from their works, began to move across their long bridge in the dark. There must have been considerable pressure at the south end of the bridge, for a battery of field artillery, men and horses, were hurried beneath the water near the dock. At half-past 6, A.M. on the 9th of September, except some stragglers in the town, the main body of the Russians had passed over, and were seen on the north side as if undecided in their future move-

ments, like sheep without a shepherd. The ships were scuttled and sunk; the long bridge was disjointed, and floated over to the north side. Steamers covered this movement, and towed also barges across. The evacuation was very well managed, and Gortschakoff deserves great praise for it. Zouaves and British sailors were soon in the town, though the French continued to fire steadily into it, to hasten, probably, the retreat of the last Russians; and spoil was carried into the camps, in the shape of Russian helmets and uniforms, pictures of saints, priests' vestments, chairs, looking-glasses, &c. The explosion of the magazines continued, and canopies of black and grey smoke rose over the ruined city, whose fall would occasion such gratification in the countries of the allies.

" But mingling with the shouts of joy victorious,
Come wafted o'er the tones of grief and woe
From stricken hearts, who mourn the battle glorious,
Whose hand has laid the loved and cherished low.

But falter not ! no glorious end was ever
Gained but by strife and suffering, and tears,
And those who fell in this great cause shall ever
Be crowned with honour by yet unborn years."

I went to the front to see Sevastopol in flames, and met a sailor with a Russian axe in his hand; he said to some of our men, brandishing his weapon,

"I would not sell that for a sovereign; I killed a Rooshian with it, and here is his blood on it yet. I goes into the Redan with Charlie, my mate; I looks about, and I says, 'Charlie, what's that?'

"'It's a man's head,' said he, 'coming out of the ground.'

"'It's a bloody Rooshian,' says I, 'and I've got no cutlash!'

"So I looks about, and I found this here axe, and goes up and hit it a clip and kills him."

As we knew, the Russians sometimes "potted" our men after a fight, when they had a chance, and doubtless this was in the

mind of the sailor when he slew the Russian coming out of the casemate. The British sailor in the East, who fought a Frenchman for some time, and at last knocked him over, and then taking his foe on his back, carried him to the doctor, and throwing him down to have his wounds dressed, cried, "There, ye beggar, that's more than you would have done for me!" is, we believe, a type of the usual manner of ending a fight with our gallant tars.

In the afternoon of Sunday, the 9th September, I was sent in command of the trench guards, Left attack, now reduced to 600 men. It was a strange thing now to be able to walk about across the open ground between the parallels, to notice the furrows of the shot so thick, and the craters made by the bursting shells; also the heaps of rifle-balls, with which the ground seemed sown as if with leaden seed. We had no need now to keep to the bottom of the trench, to watch for the

descending bomb and hear the stinging Minié at one's ear.

It was understood that our engineers had found, after a fight, a Russian plan of the fortifications of Sevastopol, from which it appeared that there had been an intention to construct permanent works all round it, and that Totleben carried out in earth what was originally intended to be in stone; and admirably had it proved the great value of earthworks for attacks such as the allies made. They can be altered and augmented as occasion requires, and the enemy cannot attack according to the plan, which may be changed at any time.

At first, according to the testimony of Captain Hodasewitch, a Polish deserter, the batteries were of earth loosely thrown up by the shovel (a rude implement with a long and often crooked handle), and the embrasures plastered with moistened clay; they thus looked sharp and well at a distance. Next they were faced with wicker-work, then

they were improved with fascines laid in the embrasures, and, lastly, gabions were used. What changes or repairs were required were, of course, made during the night. The inexhaustible arsenal supplied new guns, or replaced disabled ones. All this is part of the Fergusson theory of fortification, earthworks and plenty of guns.

At the Malakoff, Redan, &c., it was astonishing the quantities of fascines, sandbags, and gabions employed with masses of earth; again, the casemates containing the garrison and gunners, were deep holes under these masses, roofed with ship's spars, and loaded with eight or ten feet of earth. It was not easy, I dare say, to get the enemy out of such secure burrows without the officers exposing themselves freely, which I make no doubt they did.

Though our losses had been terrible—

“The path of glory leads but to the grave”—

(most painful was it to think of the effects of the news on the relatives and friends of the sufferers)—yet the view of the burning city, now in possession of the allies, should have caused deep feelings of gratitude to Divine Providence, that the consummation so long desired had at last come, and that Sevastopol had fallen and become “a monument of the noble fortitude of the troops who had brought about this conclusion.”

Gortschakoff very cunningly cast dust in the eyes of Europe by saying, “It is true that I evacuated the south side, but I hold north Sevastopol.”

He created north Sevastopol for the occasion; there is no town there, no churches, streets, shops; forts and batteries there are, but it was soon found that their possession, by the enemy, was of little consequence, and if we continued to hold the south side, with its barracks, stores, and munitions of war, a stunning blow

had been inflicted upon the Russians, destroying her *prestige* in the East, and rendering the conclusion of Peace, at no very distant day, almost certain.

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CHAPTER VII.

The Great Redan after the Assault—Danger from Magazines in Sevastopol—The Streets—The Creek Battery—The booty in the City—Story connected with Kazarski's Monument—The great Hospital and its horrors—The Queen's Message—Explore about Sevastopol—Anecdote of a French Drummer—Burning of the Steam Ships—Dangerous ground—United States Commissioners—Prospects for the Winter—Road Making—Turbaned Workmen—The Docks are mined—Drilling—Anecdote of a Scotch Captain—The Rats—Cavalry Review—Affairs at Eupatoria—Kertch—The Naval Brigade broken up—Expedition to Kilburn—Reviews of the Sardinian Army and the British Artillery—Sir James Simpson's leaves and Sir William Codrington becomes Commander-in-Chief.

“WHAT do you think of this now?” I

said to an officer whom I found, like myself, examining the Redan after the slaughtering work of the assault, and whom I had well known to have been, for some months past, quite desponding about our ultimate success, "Do you believe that Sevastopol is taken now?"

"Yes, it is," he replied, "but I did not expect it."

"Perhaps not," I said, "though it could not be doubted after the pressure that was brought against it, but the Russians held out well certainly."

What we saw at the Redan at this time was painfully interesting, most of the dead, both British and Russian had been laid in the ditch, and the earth thrown over them from the parapet, however, not sufficiently thick, as yet, to prevent the sense of smell betraying what was beneath; some Russians terribly mutilated and lying dead on stretchers, as if the time was too pressing to allow of their removal, were still unburied in rear of the parapets, and there was an

odour of blood, and marks of a desperate struggle everywhere. Guns displaced from their embrasures, fascines torn with shot, broken gabions, powder boxes strewed about, piles of balls of different sizes. In the deep casemates or chambers in which the defenders of the Redan had lived, there were furniture, clothes, bread, papers in confusion. Some of the scaling ladders had been carried into the works, and one broken one lay on the face of the salient angle, where still were scattered many of the forage caps of our poor fellows who were commencing to moulder below. On the crest of the parapet waved two British flags.

*"Dies iræ, dies illa
Luce splendens et flavilla,"*

was involuntarily repeated as we moved behind the massive Russian works, and saw the great excavations made by the exploded magazines, and all the dismounted guns, the earth honeycombed with shell holes; whilst

below, on the other side of the Admiralty Creek was Sevastopol burning and sending up vast pillars of smoke from several points at once. Then a magazine would blow up in some unsuspected quarter with a sudden burst of black smoke, and stones hurled into the air, whose descent was probably accompanied with wounds and death to some of the plunderers of the abandoned dwellings.

It was understood that men had been left by the Russians to blow up magazines secretly after the retreat of the army to the north side; at all events when I entered Sevastopol, and passed along the streets strewn with broken furniture with the walls and roofs of the houses on each side shattered with balls and shells, I saw Russians in their long great coats, and looking as if their last hour was come, dragged along by French soldiers, perhaps to an officer, to enquire if sentence of death should not be summarily executed on them for being found lurking about, as if for mischief.

Certainly one required to look about,

whilst viewing the fallen city, for a shell coming from the other side plump into a group at any open spot, or for a ball dashing along the streets exposed to be raked from Fort Catherine, and then the contents of a magazine going up with a mighty roar close at hand, and overturning and shattering everything round it.

It was my last day of the General's hut in the trenches, the 9th of September, when I was directed to send off 110 men of the trench guards to occupy one of the most important Russian batteries below the Left attack, viz. the Creek Battery at the entrance of the town, and quite a study in itself with its thick and lofty parapets, platforms for musketry fire, heavy ships' guns covered with excellent mantelets of rope, impenetrable, apparently, even to grape shot, and quantities of powder and piles of shot, musket ammunition and buck-shot all about.

Notwithstanding the vigilance of Major Douglas of the 14th regiment, an accident

occurred there. A foreign officer riding past threw the end of his cigar on some powder, an explosion took place, Major Douglas and others were thrown on their faces, and covered with earth, two of the men of the regiment were blown into the air, and one was killed.

It would, perhaps, have been injudicious on the part of the military authorities to have allowed British and French soldiers to go into Sevastopol together, and indiscriminately at first; struggles might have arisen for articles of plunder; our Dragoons were posted outside the town so as to check plundering by our people as much as possible, and to cause those bringing out furniture, &c., to deposit them in a heap for the general benefit; some of our sailors did so, amidst much laughter, as they were dressed out in women's bonnets and gowns. Cannon and anchors were the really valuable articles, no one touched them of course, though some small brass pieces were, I believe, cleverly moved on board

ship by means of a few stout hands and handspikes, and now ornament some private residences at home.

I was walking in Sevastopol, when a friendly Paymaster lent me his horse, and I rode over the broken streets, and beside the burning houses with more comfort than if I had been on foot. It was the entire wreck of a great city, every public building was more or less injured, a great many of the private houses completely so; the French soldiers were looking about actively every where, and some of them amusing themselves by ringing the great bell in front of the principal church.

It was arranged that the French should occupy Sevastopol from the Admiralty Creek west, and the British the Karabelnaia behind the Redan. Passports were at first required for French Sevastopol, but by degrees there was free passage everywhere.

When I was with the Russians during the Turkish war in former years, the gallant behaviour of a Russian Lieutenant of the navy,

whom I knew, was much talked of, his name was Kazarski, he commanded an 18-gun brig called the 'Mercury,' was out cruising with other ships towards the Bosphorus, and was nearly cut off by two Turkish line-of-battle ships of 110 (the Capitan Pasha's ship) and 74-guns. Refusing to surrender to them when they ranged up near him, the officers agreed to blow up the 'Mercury' sooner than surrender, but Kazarski said, "Let us fight as long as we can first," and he trained two guns as stern chasers over the taffril, kept up a running fight for five hours, then disabling one of his big antagonists by a shot through her fore-yard, both hauled off, and he escaped.

Kazarski was immediately promoted, made an aide-de-camp of the Emperor, and decorated with the Cross of St. George; double pensions were allotted to the crew, and the 'Mercury' was directed to be always kept up in the Imperial navy. Thus Kazarski and his vessel became quite distinguished.

To my surprise, I now found one of the

principal objects of interest in Sevastopol was a monument erected to the memory of Kazarski, consisting of a massive base supporting a *puppis*, or the bronze prow of a ship, with this inscription below—

KAZARSKOMU,
POTUMSVU V' PREMAYR
1834 GODA.

“To Kazarski, as an example to posterity, the year 1834.”

He did not long enjoy his honours, for I now ascertained that he died at Nicholaef in 1833.

A group of mounted officers between Kazarski's monument on the Boulevard, and Fort Nicholas, was observed by the Russians, on the opposite side of the harbour, to be stationary for some time, when a shell plumped among them, caused a scattering not unaccompanied with wounds. A mar-

vellous escape was made by Major Bent, R.E., after all his perils for months in the trenches, a shell burst under his horse in turning a corner in Sevastopol, but providentially the Major was not injured by it.

The most appalling sight in Sevastopol, after the fall, was that of the great hospital inside the dock-yard wall, and in rear of the great Redan. There were several chambers there filled with dead and dying, to the number, it was said of 2000, an hundred unburied officers lay in one room. The horrors of this scene were not known at first, and many unfortunates, doubtless, perished for want of common sustenance, whilst the mortification arising from undressed wounds carried off many others. Men living and dead were lying on pallets and on the floors and under the beds in every conceivable attitude, denoting extreme suffering, some groaned deeply, and twisted about in their fearful agony; others merely glared with their wild eyes. Blood soaked and stiffened in the

clothes of these victims of the war, and the smell was fearful in these chambers of torture.

Messages were sent across the harbour for the Russians there to send help, and to attend to their wounded, and the dead were removed and buried as speedily as possible. Captain Vaughan of the 90th, a fine young man, wounded in the Redan, and who subsequently died, was found alive in the great Hospital, as were several British soldiers who had terrible experiences to relate.

By telegraph there came this memorable message, which was published as a General Order :

“The Queen has received with deep emotion, the welcome intelligence of the fall of Sevastopol; penetrated with profound gratitude to Almighty God who has vouchsafed this triumph to the allied army.”

I now took the opportunity to explore all round Sevastopol, and the adjacent country, before any expedition was under-

taken to follow up the success of the 8th September. An interesting ride was round the walls to the ruins of the old Greek city of Cherson, near Quarantine Bay, where a couple of shots from Fort Constantine, tried to knock a friend and myself "off our perch." Then to that cemetery near the Quarantine, where a murderous fight took place between the French and Russians in April, and where the church was pierced with Russian shot and shell, and the marble tombs and their railings were shattered and destroyed.

Another ride was towards the upper bridge of the Tchernaya, and to Tchorgoun with its ancient tower, apparently a fortalice of the Geneose to guard the inhabitants of the village from marauders. In a ravine near a French camp, Lord Mark Kerr observed a grey headed French drummer practising on his noisy instrument by himself, and his Lordship asked him what he was doing there.

"I am only beating the drum *pour*

m'amuser and I have been at this for 30 years!"

The Russian steamers had not been destroyed by the enemy in the same way they had disposed of their line of battle ships and frigates, but the turn of the steamers also came. They were kept as far out of the reach of our guns as possible, however at length being hulled, one night the torch was applied to them by the Russians, and they blazed up in succession, causing a mighty conflagration to light up the harbour and adjacent batteries, and in the morning the smoking and blackened hulls disappeared beneath the wave. Thus did the Russians destroy their whole Black Sea fleet, and prevent the possibility of a war craft being exhibited as a trophy in British or French waters.

In wandering about in front of the Creek Battery, three rows of *trous de loup* were observed; at the bottom of these wolf holes, boards were placed, about a yard long and three quarters of a yard wide, in

these were fixed spikes of many points, then laths and grass put over the spikes to conceal them, but when the foot trod on this blind, the barbed ends of the spikes would have caught and torn it fearfully. In addition to the rows of *trous de loup*, there was a line of buried *fougasses*, or powder boxes with a glass tube at the top, as formerly described. A purveyor incautiously riding among them, his horse trod on a tube, the box exploded and blew off the horse's tail, to the great astonishment of both man and horse. On examining the place, sixteen other powder boxes were found buried, their position marked by pegs driven into the ground on each side of them.

Old friends unexpectedly appeared on the scene. Among the members of an American Military Commission, which our acute cousins had sent first to St. Petersburg, Moscow, &c., to collect information, and then into our camps, was Major Mordecai, of whom honourable mention has been

made; he and his confrères received every civility from our military authorities, and they had some escapes from the shot of the Russians, among the ruins of Sevastopol. Another old acquaintance was Dr. Barry, a well known Inspector General of Hospitals, he came from the Ionian Isles, and desiring to see the Malakoff, I was piloting him thither, when shells were cracked at us in the open space north of the Mamelon, to hasten our progress there; horsemen were always sure to draw fire from the north side.

It became now evident that it was intended the troops should pass another winter in the Crimea, that the Russians still keeping the North side, the Mackenzie ridge, and many of the passes leading into the interior, it was desirable to watch the enemy and to wear them out without losing 10,000 men in forcing through the barriers before us. It was known that the Russians sustained great losses in bringing up supplies of men, provisions

and *matériel* of all kinds, from Russia proper into the Crimea, and it was understood that the chiefs of the allies contemplated expeditions to act, not in direct attacks, but, on the flanks and rear of the enemy, like the successful expedition to Kertch, and the brilliant operations in the sea of Azoff, during the last summer.

Road-making was now the work of the divisions on the Sevastopol plateau ; a very useful and necessary employment, and importance of which the Romans, masters in the art of war, so well knew. But some of our youths had not bargained for this when they assumed the red coat, and no doubt a considerable number of the class of labourers had "taken the shilling" to get rid of the pick and spade ; they found their mistake now.

The value of the railroad was most apparent, from Balaklava to the front, and it was now intended that the seven miles of *very common road* where such loss and misery had occurred before, should now

also be made broad and hard and well drained. There was some slackness at first in carrying this into execution, 100 men only doing the work of 50, but this was soon corrected. Large bodies of officers and men would be marched down to the depôts of tools, then moved off to collect materials. The men were distributed along the line under the direction of Mr. Doyne, and officers of the Army Works Corps and Assistant Engineers. Brigadier Generals visited the work, one was frantic at finding a young officer asleep in a hole, and field officers remained all day in command of the parties; in the middle of the day an hour was allowed for dinner, but the officers were to keep the men in sight the whole time, and not to refresh themselves at Mrs. Seacole's store, the half-way house, and allow the spade and barrow men to steal off to public-houses in Kadekoi, &c. I was anxious to do a portion of the road, with the regiment, by task work, but this was not allowed.

The French were said to make their roads more rapidly than we did, a party would go on to the line, grade or level it, and dig side ditches, another party would follow to lay stones in the foundation, then a third to spread gravel; but the British roads, in the end, were found much more lasting and held out well all the winter and ensuing spring; were well drained with side ditches, and culverts under the road to carry off the water from the ravines and gullies at right angles to them. The Sardinians, good and willing people at any business they were put to, were thought to waste time in finishing off their work too neatly.

The first day I went on the roads, I was amused to see the turbaned workmen near the cavalry camp, two carrying a basket of stones between them, at a snail's pace from a heap, or another sauntering along like a gentleman, with a stone raised in his left hand, and "blowing a cloud" from a long pipe in the other. The stick

or the application of the foot behind was much required for this style of work.

The beautiful docks in Sevastopol, which, constructed at vast expense under the direction of the British Civil Engineer, Upton, had fitted out the fleet which destroyed the Turks at Sinope, being doomed to destruction, French and British engineers, with a large body of soldier workmen, were employed, under fire, to sink shafts and prepare mines to blow in the massive side walls, and make heaps of the foundations.

When our men were not working at the roads, &c., they were being drilled. The unusual number of 500 nearly raw recruits had joined the 14th Regiment since February, 1855; the best had been done with them that circumstances would admit of; and when not in the trenches their drilling had, of course, been attended to; but after the siege, the generals required drilling from the ele-

gant goose step and "sooplin" motions upwards to battalion movements, and the highest classes of light Infantry skirmishing, also the appointment of marksmen, or the best shots in the different companies, to move out suddenly on the flanks, and to cover the advance, or retreat of the column on the march. Then followed a great amount of ball firing for the spring campaign.

The divisions were inspected by their generals; a "taut hand" was looking at the fire-locks of a company, commanded by a Scotch captain.

"I hope you have oil for your arms?" said the general.

"Plenty of oil and rags, Sir," answered the captain.

"D—— it," cried the impatient chief, "I did not ask you about rags, have you oil?"

"Plenty of rags and oil, Sir," said the other.

The general prudently "shut up," as

the Scotchman was evidently determined not to abandon his rag.

In our huts, the rats became now intolerable, the want of food in Sevastopol drove them to where they could get it, and it was necessary to go to bed with a lantern burning at one's head, and a stick to make play among them when they became too familiar and insisted on sharing one's bed. To have our bread and cheese devoured was bad enough, but not half so unpleasant as finding a great hairy monster crawling up one's leg under the blanket.

The plague of fleas we had in summer, then that of flies, and lastly the rats, came "to cap the climax."

Previous to the cavalry embarking at Balaklava to spend the winter near Constantinople, there was a review of 3,200 British Dragoons, and it was a marvellous fine sight, and one that never had been witnessed before or since, so many prime British *sabreurs* brought together. I had

belonged to cavalry regiments with blue jackets, but as I rode round the rear of the long line of heavies and lights, I was particularly struck with the effect of the red in increasing the apparent size of the wearers; and from the breadth of the back of the helmeted and bear-skin men, it was evident why they rode through and through the vastly superior numbers of the enemy in the charges of the 25th October, 1854, under the intrepid Scarlett and other leaders, and on the very ground on which they now trotted and wheeled.

An expedition from Eupatoria was at one time contemplated to act on the rear of the Russians in the direction of Baghteserai. There were in September, 30,000 Turkish Infantry in an efficient state at Eupatoria, and with the addition of some British, French and Sardinian cavalry and infantry, no doubt a good account could have been given of the enemy near the place, but to make a

movement S.E. of Eupatoria, the great difficulty was water; the steppes are scantily supplied with it in that direction, and so no movement, except reconnoissances and some skirmishing took place from Eupatoria after the Russians had vainly attempted, and with considerable loss, to carry it.

The Tchongar route by which the Russians brought supplies into the Crimea, West of the Genitché Strait, which led into the Putrid Sea, had been secretly examined by the enterprising Captain Sherard Osborne, C.B. R.N., and the ever active and intelligent Captain Spratt in the 'Spitfire' had explored and surveyed towards Perekop on the west. There was no want of zeal in the public service ashore or afloat.

A cavalry affair came off near Kertch, a part of the 10th Hussars, out patrolling, were set upon by a large body of Cossacks, they cut their way through

the enemy with considerable slaughter, but left some of their own number on the plain and in the hands of the Cossacks. The French had a brilliant affair near Eupatoria, a Russian detachment was surprised and 170 prisoners and six guns remained in the hands of our allies.

Our neighbours on the plateau of Sevastopol, the Naval Brigade, was now broken up, and we saw them leave with great regret; in fact, the left flank of the regiment looked exposed and bare without the bold and lively blue jackets, who had fought their guns so well, and worked so hard in the trenches from the 25th October, 1854, to the following September, besides suffering severely on "the Black Monday," the 18th of June. They lost out of 1400 men about 500 killed and wounded. Our band played them off to their ships, and they left few traces behind them, except the graves and

headstones and boards of their messmates slumbering in the neatly arranged graveyard in "the sailors' ravine."

There were now rumours and indications of a secret expedition in some direction, we could not conjecture where, most probably it was Odessa. I thought it would be quite right to demolish the forts and batteries there, but I could not see how this could be done without destroying that commercial city also, and inflicting great loss and disaster on unoffending civilians, and on a large body of Foreign merchants. I had seen Odessa in its pride and beauty in former years, and I now regretted the prospect of its destruction.

But it appeared that the expedition which was now organized and (the British portion of it) entrusted to Brigadier General, the Honourable A. Spencer, was intended merely to make a demonstration, and create a diversion towards Odessa, after which it was to attack the

forts at Kilburn* and Oczakoff at the mouth of the Dnieper and Bug, leading towards the naval station of Nicholaeff. The British force consisted of 3,300 infantry and artillery, and twenty-one dragoons, and embarked at Kameish in twelve ships-of-war and transports, and co-operated with a French force. The most remarkable objects in the French part of the expedition were three floating steam batteries covered with plates of iron, and painted of a livid or blueish grey colour.

The allied squadrons, with their accompanying gun-boats, made a formidable display as they sailed or steamed away from Kameish and Kazatch bays, and steered across the Black Sea to Odessa. They anchored there, and occasioned the greatest commotion for several days ; troops poured into the city, and many people of substance left the place, with

* Or Kilboroun, from Achilles, King of Pontus, and "boroun" cape.

their valuables, to escape the threatened bombardment.

The approaches to Kilburn, on its spit of sand, being duly surveyed, the fleet weighed, stood along shore, and then crossed to the mouth of the Dnieper. Forcing the passage between Forts Oczakoff and Kilburn, they anchored in Cherson or Dnieper Bay. The troops then landed on the spit to cut off Kilburn from the mainland, whilst the ships went in and attacked the fort on the 17th of October. The troops sapped towards the fort, which made a desperate defence of several hours ; but nothing could withstand the tremendous cannonade and the iron shower that was poured into Kilburn. The vessels delivering their broadsides, and shells searching out and destroying the interior of the fort, with many of its defenders, and rockets setting it on fire. The firing continued on both sides from the early morning to 2 P.M. The Russian balls hopped off the iron-sides of the floating batteries, merely

denting them. At length, a flag of truce was waved from a rampart, and the thunder ceased, 1,100 prisoners marched into the allied lines, whilst 200 were reported to have been killed in the work, and 400 wounded, with hardly any damage to the allies.

The second in command, a Pole, also the Artillery and Engineer commandants, were desirous of holding out longer; but the Governor, Kokonovitch, and the majority of the garrison, saw the absurdity of contending longer, against the terrible storm of metal, which was smashing their guns, gunners, and buildings in pieces, from the ships under the direction of Sir Edmund Lyons, and Sir Houston Stewart, and the French Admirals Bruat and Pelion, also from guns on the land side. The works of Kilburn were repaired; those of Oczakoff, opposite, had been destroyed and abandoned by the enemy. A French garrison was left for the winter in Kilburn, with English gun-boats to command the spit of sand leading to it; and the ex-

pedition, after reconnoitering the approaches to Cherson and Nickolaëff, returned to Kameish and Kazatch Bays.

This taking of Kilburn was the event of the month of October; it was a dashing and brilliant achievement, as it shut up the Russians for mischief from their arsenal at Nicholaëff, and occasioned extensive fortifications at Perekop, towards the north, and a garrison of 25,000 men being kept there in anticipation of an advance of the allies from Kilburn to attack the Crimean army.

I was present, after this, at an interesting review of the Sardinian army, under General Della Marmora, a fine-looking man in dark blue and silver, the favourite dress of the Sardis. The Infantry were drawn up in three lines, and the Lancers and Artillery in another. The Infantry wore, for service in the field, blueish grey great coats, chakos, like the British Infantry, and chakos with a brim all round, besides the round-topped Bersaglieri-plumed hat. The havresacks were of blue and white striped stuff, and were less

conspicuous, and keep longer clean than the British white havresack, which should also be waterproof. The banners were green, with a shield and red cross in the white centre.

Sir James Simpson, the Commander-in-chief, having requested to be relieved of his command, our new chief, Sir William Codrington, alert, intelligent, affable to every one, with great command of temper, and most zealous in the discharge of his duties, held a review of the British Artillery; and 74 guns, in first-rate order, with their gunners, horses and forage, marched past His Excellency. The rapid rise of two officers on the ground is worth recording. A year before, Sir William Codrington held a company in the Guards; he was now a General-officer, K.C.B., and Commander-in-chief; General Sir Richard Dacres, K.C.B., commanding the R. Artillery, was a captain three years before, merit and *willing service* had much to do with the rise of these two officers.

CHAPTER VIII.

Inventory of the Stores found in Sevastopol—Trophies—
A Startling Calamity—Losses sustained by a Great Explosion—Sufferings of the French from Cold—Races—
War with the Raki sellers—The Sanitary Commission—
Extraordinary Escape of One of the Commissioners—
Steeple-chases—Dinner at Sir William Codrington's—
Cold Huts—The Guards' and Engineers' Messes—Amateur Theatricals—Discovery of Antient Buildings—A sudden move to the Marine Heights—Grand Review—
The Russians disposed to make Peace—Violent Death of an esteemed friend—The white Flag at the Traktir Bridge—A Disaster on St. Patrick's Day—Peace—
Remains on the Field of Inkerman—More Reviews and Athletic Games—Due respect shewn to the Dead—
Visit to my old Prison—The Field of the Alma—Mangoup Kalé—Laspi—The South Coast—Leave the Crimea for Malta—Arrive in England.

THE Mixed Commission had been

labouring hard to make an inventory, and to distribute the stores found in Sevastopol. They consisted of nearly 4,000 guns, besides shot, shell, cannister-cases, gunpowder, ball-cartridges, waggons, yawls, logs of *lignum vitæ*, nearly 600 anchors, chain cables, copper sheathing, ropes, pitch and tar, water-casks, spars, fir-wood, paint, boilers, large and small bells, coal, steam-engines, pumps, dredging-machines, marble statues, sphinxes, biscuit, flour, buck-wheat, salt meat, &c. Russian muskets and bayonets were appropriated as plunder—they were so easily carried off by soldiers and sailors. The shot and dead shells were collected from the works, and from the ravines, and shipped off in immense quantities; but what all the above realized to the respective Governments, no one knew.

Guns were allotted to the Sardinians and the Turks.

Considering the difference of pay between the French and British private

soldiers—1*d.* a day and 1*s.* clear (as an additional 6*d.* had been given to our people to make up for the wear and tear of clothes, &c.)—it was quite fair that both at Sevastopol and Kilburn, the French should have got the cream of the plunder of small articles, though there was a good deal of grumbling about this at the time.

It was natural that the officers were desirous of securing trophies. We got no gold or silver, and no prize-money, and the specimens of Russian arms—muskets, swords, lances, drums, &c.—which were picked up, or bought, would have fetched little or nothing if sold *pro bono publico*.

The road-making, the hutting, the collection and arrangement of stores for passing the winter had all gone on regularly and satisfactorily of late, the weather was also good, and the health of the men excellent, when suddenly a most startling calamity took place in our midst.

It was on the 15th of November, the

day after the anniversary of the disasters by storm and shipwreck the previous year in the Black Sea, that I happened to be drilling the battalion in front of our huts, when on our right there rose suddenly in the air, to a great height, a vast column of black and grey smoke, accompanied with intense flashes of fire, a loud and awfully grand sound, followed by the crackling of shells, and hissing of rockets, producing a combination of sights and sounds of the most soul-stirring character, and the immediate conviction that a large magazine had been designedly blown up.

Wounded and scorched men were ere long brought to the General Hospital beside us, and we learnt that the catastrophe we had witnessed, arose from the accidental explosion of a great part of the Russian powder, brought out of Sevastopol, and placed in the Parc de siège of the French Right attack, where also 800 barrels of French powder shared the same fate; be-

sides piles of shells, and many rockets near the Windmill, a place of mark at the battle of Inkermann.

Sir William Codrington, Sir Richard Airey, General Wyndham, and other chiefs hurried to the scene of disaster, and our men were kept in readiness to assist.

The French bazaar and many tents were on fire, huts were blown down, and some of the sick were wounded in their beds in the hospitals. The windmill, full of British powder, was in great danger, when a party of soldiers, headed by a young Scotch officer, Lieut. Charles Errol Hope, 7th Royal Fusileers, most valiantly got on the roof, and applying wet blankets, at the risk of being momentarily annihilated, saved the windmill from destruction, and doubtless, many score lives. French and British worked heroically, amid bursting shells, to stop the spread of the flames, and after a time succeeded in doing so. It was terrible to see the blackened appearance of the ground extending to a great area from the

centre of the explosion, the burnt tents and huts, the portions of dead men, and the dead horses lying there. Of the French, six officers were killed, and 13 wounded, 65 men killed, and 170 wounded; of our people, one officer, Mr. Yellon, of the commissariat, was killed, and 20 men killed and missing, and Lieuts. Roberts and Dawson, of the artillery, severely wounded, besides 70 men.

Poor young Dawson ! I visited him afterwards in a hospital hut. He had been only five weeks in the Crimea ; full of zeal, he had rushed into the midst of the burning, and was removing loaded shells, when one bursting, carried off his left foot ; suffering greatly and long, he at last died, no doubt to the great grief of his friends at home.

The surgeons, Alexander, Gordon, Mouatt, Home, Longmore, &c., displayed their usual zeal and intelligence during and after the above great catastrophe, and which, it was understood, arose from a piece of shell observed in a powder box by three French

artillery men employed in shifting powder. This fragment of metal thrown on the ground, struck a stone among some loose grains, and with most disastrous effect.

The Russians fired furiously immediately after the great explosion, from the north side of the harbour and the Mackenzie heights, and we were all out early next morning, expecting, and many anxiously desiring, an attack, so as to get the enemy well on to the plains and finish the war. But the Russian commanders had sufficient lessons at Balaclava, Inkerman and the Tchernaya to prevent their tempting their fate again.

The French Government did the best it could for their army to enable it to pass the winter, but I believe that the sufferings from cold in their single tents, though they had some huts also, and the absence of flannel under clothing, which our people had, (the capote was not a sufficient substitute for the flannel) also the less abun-

dant supplies of food than our men, had caused a much higher rate of mortality among the French than in our huddled lines.

Our dead men were decently sewn up in their blankets, but our allies saved their blankets for the living, and taking their dead by night in waggons, consigned them to graves always ready prepared for half a dozen corpses. 100,000 Frenchmen are said to be buried in the Crimea.

In December, races were got up on the Balaclava plains, and it was a service of danger, and serious accidents occurred when the rushes of horsemen, 3 or 4000 in number apparently, took place from one part of ground to the other in the eager desire to see the sport.

I waged war as well as I could against the raki sellers round me, against that villanous compound, which inflamed and poisoned the drinker, and I had some analysed, and the component parts, consisting of

vitriol, sugar of lead, &c., were published on on the outside of a bottle on which the words "vieux cognac" had figured on a beautiful label. We had the best malt liquor, also wine, in our regimental canteen, to save the trouble and danger of looking elsewhere for liquor.

I was put on a board of enquiry with General Garrett, Dr. Home, &c., to ascertain if any change could be made in the men's rations. The spirit ration twice a day was condemned, the evening dram abolished, and more sugar for coffee substituted. The waste of valuable rice was also checked, and it was suggested that if a man drank no spirits at all, he should get a penny instead.

It has been well said, that the only effectual correction of drunkenness (the parent of the majority of military crimes) as of every other vice, is a sound and rational sense of religion, this is the only true foundation of moral discipline.

Though Sir John Hall, K.C.B., and his

medical staff had worked most efficiently in their department, yet to satisfy the public, sanitary commissioners were sent out in 1855, and they also made useful suggestions, as did Lt.-Colonel Lefroy, R.A., so well known for his scientific acquirements. The remarkable escape of Mr. Rawlenson, C.E., one of the sanitary commissioners, may be related here. He thought of going into the trenches of the Left attack, and arranged to breakfast with an artillery friend, and accompany him to his battery; but reflecting that he was a married man and had no business in the trenches, he said he would ride with his friend as far as was prudent and then turn back. They had got some way into the Valley of Death, when a round shot, rushing angrily overhead, struck the bank above them. This was a warning to go about. Mr. Rawlenson then raised his right hand to salute his friend, and was turning his horse with the other, when a second ball crashed between him and his horse's head, tearing open his waistcoat, cutting his reins, and smashing the pommel

of the saddle. Mr. Rawlenson fell from his horse; and the artillery officer thought he was killed; he placed him on the side of the path, but found he was alive and comparatively uninjured. The steel rings of a purse had wounded him in the side, fortunately he had not his watch, having left it in camp as it would not go. That might have killed him. A soldier afterwards dug the ball out of the bank, and gave it to Mr. Rawlenson as a souvenir, it was a 42 pounder.

Racing and steeple chasing became the fashion, the French vying with the English in "Le sport." At a great steeple chase behind the French head-quarters, the large field being enlivened with British, French, Sardinian and Turkish costumes, General Lawrenson got a heavy fall. A French race of a mile was amusing, as it was accompanied with encouraging cries of "Hip, hey, hip!" to the horses, and great excitement on the part of the riders.

With alternate frosts and falls of snow and thaw, the mud was so deep and tenacious all

about the camps, and on the plateau in January, that on receiving an invitation to dine with the Commander-in-chief, three miles in rear of our huts, it was left to one's option to come or not, but after floundering through the "sloughs of despond" and changing one's waterproofs, it was a pleasure to get into a large well-lighted room once more, with a most urbane and agreeable host, and a pleasant staff, though one felt "a little shy" at seeing a table cloth again, instead of candles in bottles, and a newspaper to conceal the rough board.

After dinner an important communication regarding the Russian movements on the heights was received, and it was necessary for Colonel Blane, the military secretary, to go to the French head-quarters, to communicate with Marshal Pelissier. This was difficult and even dangerous at night, for the Colonel was charged twice by French sentries, and having passed these, some *nonchalant* aides-de-camp declared he could not see the Commander-in-chief at that hour, "he might be

asleep," but the Colonel persevered, and the chief came out from a whist party and *sacrè-*
ing the A.D.Cs they fled, and the burly Algerine leader proceeded to business.

We suffered a good deal from intense cold on the open plateau in the beginning of the year, with the great mountain of Tchatir-dagh, the distant ranges and the surrounding plains white with snow. In our single plank huts, the winter's wind whistled freely, and snow sometimes powdered our faces in bed. Of an evening, I sat in state in a flour barrel cut across, so as to form a rude arm-chair, with hay in the bottom and a Scotch plaid about the lower man, but often was quite unable to hold the pen or pencil from cold, "thus did we suffer for our country," but otherwise were in rude health.

The Guards had established a very pleasant mess in a large hut in the midst of their camp, a bright fire surmounted by a stand of colours was at one end of the room, from the fire extended horse-shoe tables

covered with wholesome, well-cooked dishes, and after one's hunger was satisfied, lively conversation and jests passed round with moderate potations, and those who were "sorry to part" drew round the fire to enjoy "the weed" and some excellent singing. I found the Guards' mess (and as a guest of Lieut.-Colonel Stuart, M.P.) very enjoyable and well-conducted. The Royal Engineers had also established, for the winter, a comfortable mess, at which I met "Deane the Diver," who had come out to make himself useful among the ships lying in the bottom of the harbour. On stranger nights it was the custom to adjourn from the mess table to a lecture room in an adjoining hut, where a chaplain or an officer delivered a lecture on some popular or interesting subject for the benefit of the soldiers. The Rev. Mr. Harris was particularly zealous in this good work, himself setting the example and engaging others (of whom the writer was one) to lecture.

Amateur theatres were fitted up and very good acting exhibited by both officers and men among the different divisions.

An old Canadian friend, Lieut.-Colonel Bell, C.B. 23rd R. W. Fusiliers, distinguished himself on the boards as he had done at the Alma in a different line, when he took single-handed a Russian cannon, and has the honourable distinction of V.C. attached to his name.

A point of attraction and speculation turned up at the Col de Balaklava, half way between the camp and the port. Some hewn stones being observed there, in the process of road-making, Colonel Monro, C.B. commanding 39th Regiment, an officer of great intelligence, explored further with the assistance of 50 men allowed him by General Barnard, Chief of the Staff, and brought to light the massive foundations of circular and square buildings with *amphoræ*, or jars sunk in the ground, perhaps for grain. Whilst there were glass, pottery, statuettes and other indications of the site of a temple,

though it was also considered to have been a fortress with a bawn, or enclosure, for cattle. I applied for, but did not obtain leave to explore, in conjunction with my lamented friend, Major Ranken, R.E. some very tempting *tumuli* on the steppe indicating the presence of chamber tombs, like those of Kertch, where besides bones were found pottery, arms and ornaments of great interest.

Everything had been got into good working order in the Regiment, officers' and men's huts complete, and cooking stoves and boilers in the latter, instead of a separate cook-house as at first, ablution place arranged, also school and reading-huts; the instruments in the band-hut discoursing sweet sounds under a first-rate Bandmaster, Hogan;* when suddenly the order came in February to move to the Marine Heights of Balaklava, and occupy huts there overlooking the Black Sea, on the hill-side, below the

* Our favourite march at this time was "Das Deutsche Vaterland," arranged by S. Koessl.

Crow's nest, to which the 39th our neighbours, had previously moved. We accordingly broke up from the front, in the midst of intense frost, and frost bites, and had a great clearing out of huts previously occupied by Turks; below us was the 89th Regiment, under the energetic command of Colonel C. R. Egerton.

We soon got reconciled to our new position, and preferred it to the other (among other advantages were the ministrations of an excellent Scotch clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Ferguson,) when the weather became more genial, the grass and flowers began to appear, and we could ride or walk among the picturesque hills about us, and watch the stormy Euxine.

We had an agreeable Brigadier to work under, and one who knew his duty well, General Warren, though from this circumstance we got the name of "the Blacking Brigade."

In the end of February, a review of

46 British Battalions took place at Telegraph Hill overlooking the Tchernaya Valley. It was a proud display, that of these 25,000 stout men, as they shook the ground under their tread, and Guards, Highlanders, Linesmen, heavy and light, and Riflemen, all in high condition, marched past Sir William Codrington, with Marshal Pelissier and a large number of foreign spectators.

The Russians now seeing the uselessness of prolonging the contest, after their severe losses, and feeling keenly the difficulty of keeping up their numbers, drawn from distant parts of the Empire, and traversing roads nearly impassable for men or waggons, with hospitals full at Baghteserai and Simpheropol, now evinced a desire for an armistice.

Sevastopol, by this time, presented a miserable spectacle, it was one vast ruin, in heaps, for what roofs and wood the flames spared had been carried up, for weeks, for hutting purposes and fuel to

the allied camps; and the Russians, from the north side, had helped with their shot and shell in the destruction of the late Queen of the Euxine.

I had witnessed the blowing up of the great Fort Nicholas, had watched the fishing up from the bottom of the harbour some of the 18 brass guns, which, with their horses and some of the riders, by accident or by design, when the long bridge enabled that wonderful retreat to be made across the harbour on the 9th of September, had plunged below the wave. I had been invited to see the docks blown up, and the White barracks, but some duty prevented my being present at the latter event, I saw the smoke of the explosion from our camp on the Balaklava heights and little imagined then that this was accompanied by the violent death of a valued friend. Major George Ranken, R.E. had the blowing up of the white buildings, some unavoidable delay took place, the hour fixed had passed,

and some of the spectators expressed impatience. Ranken seizing a port fire and warning all to retire out of danger, went into the great building; it was supposed that sparks had fallen on some loose powder, or that there had been a defect in the fuze; when a sudden explosion took place, smoke and stones rose in the air, but poor Ranken never came out of the ruins, and the crushed remains of as fine a young man as there was in the British army were not extricated till next morning.

In the beginning of March, a white flag was displayed on the Russian side of the Traktir Bridge, General officers of the allies, and of the Russians, with their staffs, met there to discuss regarding an armistice, again there was a meeting at the same place, at which I was present. The Russian officers looked grave, some were in dark green, though many of them wore the long grey great coat like the men, but finer, and with lace on the shoulder straps,

their general appearance would not have made them targets for riflemen like our late golden epaulettes. The Cossacks excited much attention, sitting high on their shaggy ponies, and wearing fur caps and long grey coats, a whip hanging from the right wrist, and slung on their back a long carbine, in their right hand a formidable black lance.

I was President of a Court of Enquiry on a lamentable affair which occurred on the 17th March, St. Patrick's day, below us, near Balaklava in the huts of the Commissariat branch of the Army Works Corps, of which Mr. Felix Wakefield was the intelligent head. Some of the men had been honouring the Saint with libations and had retired to rest. It was supposed that one of them, trying to smoke in bed, had set fire to the hut, two huts were entirely destroyed, and 16 men in them. Sergeant E. Grant, of the 14th, was on guard there, he saw a roof taking fire

at 11 P.M. called out his guard, posted sentries all round, sent for assistance to the 82nd Regiment, near at hand, broke in the doors of burning huts to let the men escape, got out the cash chest, and, doubtless, with his soldiers of the 14th saved many lives and valuable property.

The armistice was followed by PEACE. The Russians had had an unexpected success in Asia, Kars gallantly defended against the Russians for months, under the direction of the gallant General Williams and his assistants; and the garrison having repulsed the assailants after a great battle, the defenders, at length, starved out and not relieved, succumbed to General Mouravief. This fall of Kars soothed the Russians after their late losses and disasters in the Crimea, and inclined them to agree to these terms; namely, to refrain from the invasion of Turkey, to use the waters of the Euxine for commerce, and not for war, that there should be no more Black

Sea fleet, and only a few armed vessels to prevent piracy, and the forts of Sevastopol not to be rebuilt; whilst the allies evacuated, within six months, the Crimea; and the Russians gave up Kars.

The Proclamation of Peace was accompanied, on the 20th of April, with a salute of 101 guns, fired all along the French, British, and Sardinian lines, and by the men-of-war, and preparations began to be made for the embarkation of the troops and stores. Long-coated Russians now strolled into our bazaars, and were treated by our men. Officers, in grey and green coats, drove and rode into our camps, and there was a great deal of fraternity with our late adversaries.

Riding round by the ravines, down which the Russians had hurriedly descended after the great fight of Inkerman, it was painful to witness the many unburied bodies which still remained there of the three armies (there was no possibility of burying them during the firing), whilst Russian bones, clothing, portions of knapsacks, accoutrements, &c., lay

scattered all round by the banks of the Tchernaya, and by the head of the harbour towards the city, evidences of the wounded who had got so far, and had then fallen and died away from help. A French soldier approached the body of a Russian, which was dried up, and nearly perfect. The Frenchman looked for a moment at the corpse, then took out his knife and hacked away at the head; but he could not manage to get it off easily; putting his foot on the chest, he wrenched off the head and transferred it to his haversack; he was asked what he meant by this; he replied—"Pour mon Docteur!"—a grim souvenir of the war.

The Russians held a review on the Mackenzie Heights, and turned out many thousand well-appointed soldiers; and General Lüders afterwards saw the French and British armies reviewed, in new clothing, and making a most gallant show. The French held a grand carousal, where, in a large square enclosure, surrounded with spectators of all nations, they went through the practices of

the riding-school, with sword and lance, carrying off rings and cutting at wicker heads. Then the British and French had a great race meet on the banks of the Tchernaya, near the Traktir Bridge, and which the Russians witnessed. The scene was gay and animated with colours, and with bands of music. Next there were foot races near the Guards' camp; the chief athlete among the officers there was Captain Ashley. We, of the Blacking Brigade, had also several competitions for prizes, running, leaping, wrestling, throwing shot, dancing, &c.; the best football player of the Brigade was Captain Trevelyan of the 11th Hussars, badly wounded at the celebrated "Light Cavalry charge of the 600."

I was happy to be near my old regiment, the 42d Royal Highlanders, Lieutenant-Colonel A. Cameron commanding, at Kamara. Sir Colin Campbell lived in the midst of the Highland Brigade among the hills there; and in a most romantic valley, with steep hills and woods and impending cliffs

around, Highland games were held, accompanied with the stirring notes of the great Bagpipe.

For not alone on Scotia's plains,
Are heard those glorious, martial strains ;
Look north or south, or round the world—
Where'er the meteor flag's unfurl'd ;
And, 'ere that flag was planted, there
Was heard upon the startled air,
Those sounds so warlike and so wild,
Which Scotchmen aye of fear beguiled,
And pledged them, like their battle cry,
To death or glorious victory !
Such music is for them alone.
To Sassenach ears it yields no tone ;
We hear and hail in that free strain
The spell that wafts us home again.

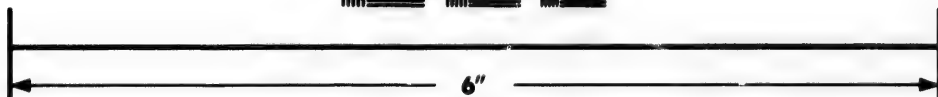
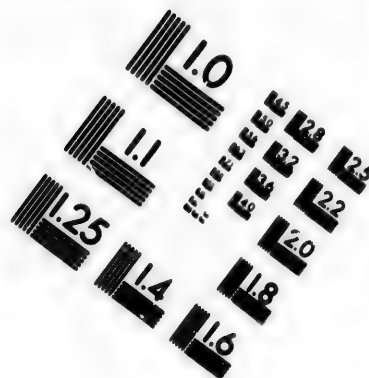
The due ordering of the graves of our people, who lay here on every hill side, in the ravines and on the open steppe, was now attended to. All groups of graves were enclosed with stone walls and trenches, monuments sent across the seas were carefully placed, and the stone-cutters among the Royal Engineers had full employment on the

spot. The French, besides the great graves containing many score men, also left ornamental tombs and enclosed grave-yards. The Sardinians erected a handsome obelisk overlooking the Black Sea near Cape Aia, in honour of their officers.

As soon as the peace allowed of a visit to my old prison at Fort Severnaya, I joined company with a French Major and others, on a long ride by Inkermann, and the head of the harbour to the formidable forts on the north side, most of which had been called into existence since the time when I unwillingly exercised behind the ramparts of the Star Fort. The room where I had lived was now roofless, from the effects of shells probably, and I now looked down on "the grave of the Black Sea Fleet," where I had formerly seen it securely moored.

The French officers at the Fedouchine heights got up a fancy-ball, to which I was invited. Vivandières were the ladies, and some of the costumes were most grotesque, particularly of those who associated Roman





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helmets with top-boots, and a lady wore the jacket and kilt of a 42nd piper. But the interesting finish we made to our Crimean campaign was excursions to various note-worthy points, and the first was to the field of the Alma.

We were a small party of five with servants and baggage-horses. It was the month of May, and the country looked fresh and beautiful. Crossing the Balbek and Katcha rivers, we got on the great steppe, and saw hares, and quails, and snakes. Galloping on towards Ortakesek, one of the small Tartar villages in rear of the Russian position; we pitched a tent there, and took possession of an empty house. Some poor Tartars, who had suffered from the war, came about us, and we gave them what food we could spare.

We were awoke in the morning by the lively twittering of swallows and starlings on the roofs about us, and we were not long in proceeding to make the circuit of the steep cliffs, up which the nimble Zouaves had

climbed. We then visited the Telegraph Tower where a fierce struggle took place, marked now with many mounds of red earth rising on the green sward, and rudely ornamented with white stones laid on the mould. We passed on, deep silence being all round, whilst blue and yellow flowers waved gently in the breeze, and we observed the ground strewn with straps, pieces of knapsacks and buttons; a few round shot and bones of horses were in the ravines, and we reached that part of the field up which our men had charged and suffered and nobly conquered.

I stood beside the graves of men I had known in the far West, a stone has since been set up there to eight officers of the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers, who, with their Colonel, the accomplished Chester, were stricken down in front of the Russian entrenchment, and now lay within it.

We looked on the great plain over which the armies had advanced from the north, the Black Sea was on the left, and below us, vineyards beside the burnt villages of Alma-

tamak and Bourliouk, and that stream of which these lines eloquently say.

Many a great and ancient river, crowned with city, tower
and shrine,

Little streamlet ! knows no magic, boasts no potency like
thine,

Cannot shed the light thou sheddest, around many a living
head,

Cannot lend the light thou lendest, to the memories of the
dead.

Oh thou River ! dear for ever, to the gallant and the free,
Alma ! roll thy waters proudly, proudly roll them to the
sea !

During the continuance of hostilities, there were few opportunities for attending to the climate and the Natural History of the Crimea. An officer who devoted considerable time and attention to these interesting matters was Dr. William Carte, whose acquaintance I had the pleasure of making on this expedition to the Alma ; he was a careful collector of objects illustrative of the zoology of the country, and his observations are recorded in the Royal Dublin Society's Journal of this year.

When the bold and party-coloured south coast of the Crimea is first seen at Balaklava, the formation is observed to consist of a variegated conglomerate of red and white lime-stone with calcareous spar; this is interrupted by a bed of conglomerate of quartz and red sand-stone, cemented by a calcareous paste, and the general dip is to the N.E., at an angle of about 45° . When the huts and tents were placed on pudding stone, good health was the result, but those who lived on the saponaceous clay were troubled with fever. This last happened below where we were encamped on the Marine Heights.

The most remarkable shrub about Balaklava was the *Paliurus aculeatus* with its hooked prickles. Varieties of land shells were seen about the heights. About Kamara the hills are of decomposing conglomerate, and the Fedoukines are of white chalk, marl and sand. The Tchernaya passing through banks of sandstone at Tchorgoun, washes the oolite rock of the

Inkerman heights, full of fossil shells. What our people had to work on in forming the trenches and which was interrupted by ravines running towards Sevastopol, was an agglomeric calcareous rock with a scanty covering of earth.

The highest degree of heat that the thermometer recorded in the Crimea, whilst the troops were on the plateau of Sevastopol that I heard of, was 109° in July, and the lowest degree of cold in December $2\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$. When the wind blew from the north over the frozen steppes, in winter, the cold was biting in the extreme; the great barrier of rocks shelters the south coast from this. In the month of May, daily the country became more beautiful about our heights, with thyme, violets, roses, &c.

I saw part of Dr. Carte's collection of birds, &c., at the Castle Hospital, Balaklava, in forming which he was assisted by Lieutenant Blakison, of the Royal Artillery. Among the quadrupeds observed in the Crimea, were the common hedgehog, the

fox, the martin, the Norway rat and black rat, the common mouse, the long-tailed field mouse, hares of two kinds, hamsters like short naked tailed mice, the deer (*cervus dama*) were found in the woods, the Crimean camel, of a light brown colour, was oftener used to drag waggons than as a beast of burden. Of birds, there were vultures, (*species fulvus*) tawney and red eagles, falcons of several varieties, long and short-eared owls; the melancholy cry of the *Strix Tengmalmi* was well known about the ravines during the siege. The other birds occupy a large catalogue as shrikes of various kinds, swifts and swallows, kingfishers, orioles, thrushes, goldfinches, blackbirds, larks, nightingales about Vernutka and Baidar; wrens, buntings, linnets, crows, woodpeckers, red-legged partridges and bustards, these last were shot in December in considerable numbers, and were excellent eating. Of water fowl there were ducks, teal, widgeon, sheldrake, cormorants, gulls, &c.

Tortoises, snakes, and lizards, appeared with the warm weather, as did insects in great numbers, about 150 of which were noted by Dr. Carte, also land shells. The shores of the Crimea abound with fish, the red mullet and turbot are capital eating; two or three times I was offered a little fat fish which was caught among the dead in the harbour of Sevastopol and the shipping of Balaklava, but which I carefully eschewed.

The next excursion was to visit the remarkable Genoese fort Mangoup Kalé, on a great mountain near the valley of Korales, and in the direction of Baghteserai. Leaving our horses at the foot of the mountain, it was a stiff walk to the immense walls enclosing the top, where we passed many very ancient stone tombs, and came on a plateau commanding extensive views, and where a tribe of people might have sown and reaped, and grazed cattle if shut out from the valleys below. The Cave of the winds at an angle of the precipice, was a point of great interest here.

I did not visit Baghteserai, or Simpheropol at this time; I had seen them long ago, and I did not like to disturb the pleasing recollections I had of the very interesting Tartar palace of the former, and the agreeable country houses and people I had known at the latter; among others, Madame Nariskin, a literary lady, wife of a former governor of the Crimea. I knew that war and disease had told on the old and the modern capitals of Crim Tartary.

Laspi, a charming retreat, in a valley, and under high cliffs, the fit abode of a retired sea rover, was visited, and there was a ride by the Phoros pass, and round the most picturesque South coast with its immense walls of rock on the left, the abode of eagles, its slopes of earth and boulders, interspersed with trees, descending to the sea on the right of the winding road. Country seats of the Russian noblesse are seen there, and Tartar villages with their flat roofs resting on the hill-side, from

which many of the unfortunate people were emigrating to Turkey, and carrying piously their aged and infirm with them on arabas, in melancholy procession. At Alushta was the beautifully situated and handsome palace of the Count Woronzoff, in the midst of gardens and rocks, forest and fruit trees collected from many lands. Altogether, the South coast of the Crimea is one of the most charming and attractive regions in the world.

At length, in June, the order came for us to follow some other regiments, and leave the Crimea. We received this order with mingled feelings of joy, sorrow and thankfulness: we had been nearly thirteen months in the seat of war, and our mission was accomplished there. We were, I trust, sincerely grateful to Divine Providence for allowing us to retire unscathed from the late scenes of strife, and we deeply regretted the many thousand brave men on whose graves the wild flowers of the steppe were now blooming. Portions of the Regiment (about this

time 900 strong, besides the depôts at Malta and at home) embarked in three vessels, and I followed in the Ottawa steamer with the head-quarters. We had a young nobleman, Lord Abercromby, and Mr Page on board; a handsome Russian widow, Madame Tripaud, going with her two sisters-in-law to a relative at Malta; her husband, an officer, had been slain two or three days before the fall of Sevastopol.

She had witnessed all the horrors of the siege, death flying round her for months. Her maid on board, had an extensive wound on her right arm, and her manservant had been destroyed by a shell in the room before her face, whilst carrying her food. After this she took refuge, with other families, in Fort Nicholas, till the retreat across the harbour.

We had a most agreeable voyage, pleasant company, our excellent band, and a great variety of amusements on board.

A visit was paid to Constantinople for the third time. I had a ramble through

the streets and bazaars, and an examination, with boots under my arm, of the great Mosque of St. Sophia, which I could not have ventured on in former years; finally, we arrived at Malta, and occupied the Isola gate Barracks.

The hot weather was in all its fierceness in July, half the Regiment was under canvass, the place being crowded with military under the command of a most energetic soldier and excellent drill, Sir John Pennefather. Fever was beginning in the Regiment, when I received a summons to Britain. I handed over the command to Lieut.-Colonel Budd, and reached home by way of Gibraltar and Southampton, much refreshed by the voyage in the *Ava*. Here then, I take leave of those indulgent readers, who have voyaged, and travelled and campaigned with me in the East and West.

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APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

TRAINING FOR SERVICE AND SETTLING.

1. The ranks of the British Army contain many officers and men, who, serving their country for a few years, intend to settle in one of the colonies—the first, as proprietors of land; the second, as labourers, and eventually (if they conduct themselves with ordinary discretion), in the hope of following a trade, or owning land like their officers.

2. We propose to discuss what should be the preparations for settling, and in the meantime, investigate how soldiers should be made efficient, physically and morally, for fighting the battles of their country, previous to “beating their swords into ploughshares.”

3. It should be borne in mind, at all times, that our men enter the ranks voluntarily. We have no forced enlistments, and though it is true, that many repent "taking the shilling in her Majesty's name," yet with the present humane and fair system of dealing with recruits, particularly giving them a free kit or outfit at starting, besides their bounty, recruits must be very hard to please if they do not soon prefer the regular food and good bed they have in barracks, and medical attendance, to the scrambling life they may have been previously leading, perhaps, too, dirty and uncared for.

4. From the moment of entering the Service, every man should have something inviting to look forward to. Without the hope of eventually improving one's condition, and without "the glorious future" of the religious man, life will be dreary, and its cares are then apt to be drowned in the health-destroying cup. A happy frame of mind is to be without envy or jealousy of our neighbour, and to be always ready to hold out a helping

hand to a man requiring a lift, and to let every man have a fair chance of bettering himself if so disposed.

RANGERS.

5. In enlisting men, it might be well to try how a few corps of Rangers, composed of stout and active little fellows, of from 5 ft. 3 in. to 5 ft. 6 in. in height; 5 ft. 6 in. and upwards has been the fashion hitherto, and though there have appeared many noble soldiers of grenadier height, yet for the general purposes of war, what the best Roman soldiers were said to have generally been, namely, short and square men, are surely worth trying as corps. The weight of a man, the measurement of his chest, &c., being also duly considered. There are fewer men to choose from among the tall men, than among men from 5 ft. 4 in. to 5 ft. 8 in., therefore there is a better chance of getting good short men.

HEALTH.

6. Next, due care should be taken that the man's dress, the arms he has to use, and the load he has to carry, are proportioned to his size and powers of endurance; also that on entering the Service he is duly instructed how to preserve his health, informed of the nature of his constitution, how easily the system is deranged with imprudence of conduct, what he is to "eat, drink, and avoid," the evil consequences of badly ventilated rooms, how to guard against the dire effects of the sun's rays between the Tropics, and the consequences of extreme cold towards the Polar regions.

DRESS.

7. As it should always be considered a disgrace to be on the sick list, from want of ordinary precautions, so we should at the same time avoid what is vulgarly called the "coddling system;" a man in health

should not fear going out in all weathers, that is, properly protected, his head against the sun in extreme heat, and the body so covered in wet or cold, that there will be no bad effects resulting from exposure. For India, white covers protect the head from the sun; in Africa, whilst travelling or hunting, ostrich feathers afford good cover, or a turbaned hunting cap. In the damp woods, and among swamps, one can go from morning to night with wet feet, without injury, if cased in worsted socks, and with a pair of stout moccasins, or soleless shoes and leggings, and having a dry change for the camp at night. With good flannel next the skin in dry cold, and avoiding spirits, which chill the extremities, there need be little apprehension of unpleasant sensations or disagreeable results.

BATHING.

8. Cold water daily, or frequently applied to the skin, from head to foot, is a great

secret of health among people wearing clothes ; naked savages are obliged to grease themselves to keep out the cold and repel the attack of insects. A bath glove without fingers, that is, a small bag made of towelling, is a capital purifier of the skin.

CONTENTMENT.

9. It is very important to make men contented with their situation on joining their corps, also to find themselves in a good position instead of a wrong one, good officers will be able to bring about this result by the care, attention and *sympathy* they display towards the men, and not merely attending to their own pleasures and recreations. Popularity hunting is contemptible, but a careful officer who takes his men in hand, encourages them in learning their drill and duty, and attending to their schooling (for a large proportion of men enter the army unable to read or write) and who promotes manhood among his people in the shape

of gymnastic exercises, and sets an example in these matters himself only does *his* duty.

10. Disgust to the Service and desertion after a short trial of it arise from various causes, among others, excess of drill, no recreations present or in prospect, a dull routine and monotony.

GYMNASTICS.

11. Some consider that encouraging manly exercises leads to drinking, but it will be found on trial to have quite a contrary tendency; men desirous of exhibiting their power of muscle, soon find out that they cannot compete successfully if they indulge in strong drink, men in training never use spirits, as they afford only a momentary stimulus; thus for a final effort at the end of a fight, a glass handed round with the spare ammunition may be of use, but as a general rule, for giving strength and endurance, alcohol is a mistake.

12. A useful exercise for young men, and of which all are fond, is that called the

giant's steps, a thirty-feet pole set up, an iron swivel at the top, and four ropes and rings depending from it. The exercise in passing round the pole and swinging from the rings is excellent for the wind and for the muscles of the chest, arms and legs—all are in play, and usefully for the system, simultaneously.

“PUTTING.”

13. Throwing or “putting” the stone, or an iron shot, is of great use for the muscular development of dragoons, engineers, artillerymen, &c., who require strong arms, if the weight thrown is suited to the bodily powers of the individual. Leaping is highly useful for foot soldiers, for in skirmishing across a country they have frequent occasion to practise it, and it is unfortunate if a man is obliged to “shy” at an ordinary jump. Wrestling is a valuable exercise, and no bad consequences result from it, if it is practised with good temper, and those looking on prevent any cruelty from kicking shins with shoes on, also that the ground is not too

hard for a fall. Of course, running is indispensable for *voltigeurs*, though it is alleged to have been overdone in foreign armies, and fine men have broken down and become useless after five years of excessive running, and too violent exertion. Constant exercise, but in moderation, should be the rule for the due training of the bodily powers.

MUSIC.

14. It is very desirable to cultivate singing among troops, it has a wonderfully humanizing effect, an officer may often be found able and willing to teach a class of singers. Good glees, choruses, and patriotic songs, are the best, also sacred music. Of course everything of a frivolous or licentious nature should be discouraged.

DANCING.

15. A dancing master may be found in a body of men, also a fiddler; it is very use-

ful to encourage these "professionals," and giving prizes for dancing at competitions will be found to have a very good effect. A good dancer is usually a smart fellow, and even looking on at dancing promotes cheerfulness, to which also cricket, foot-ball, quoits, skittles, and fives, materially contribute.

SWIMMING.

16. A great accomplishment for our soldiers is swimming. Crossing the sea so much as they do, exposed to the risk of storms and wrecks, fording rivers, and their lives frequently imperilled by water as well as on land, it would be desirable that every British soldier be turned out a swimmer; and it may be done with very little trouble, and at very moderate expense. A small boat with a short pole or boom rigged out horizontally from the stern, and a ring at the end of it for a rope to pass through, serves as a very fit apparatus for this purpose. Three men get into the boat,

one to row, and one to instruct. The learning swimmer stripped, and, with a girth strapped round his chest, to which an end of the rope is fastened behind, gets into the water, and is supported in it by the instructor, who slackens the rope as the swimmer gains confidence and performs his strokes properly.

A SALLE D'ARMES.

17. For the winter months in barracks, an empty room fitted up as a *salle d'armes*, and single-sticks, foils, masks and boxing-gloves, kept there in charge of a non-commissioned officer, would be very advantageous for officers and men.

HANDICRAFTS.

18. We now come to handicrafts. It is not usual to practise any trades in barracks, except those of tailors and shoemakers; but, if it were possible to fit up a carpenter's shop,

and allow soldiers to learn the most useful art of carpentry, few things would better prepare them for the exigencies of a campaign, or for being handy settlers after they got their discharge. There are always jobs about a barrack, or at the married officers' quarters, which would employ the soldier carpenter, who, if he learned also a little smith's work in the armourer's shop, would be materially benefited thereby.

19. In those colonies where wood is employed for fuel, the use of the axe may be acquired by cutting up and splitting the fire-wood. Men skilled in the use of the axe and rifle, like the lumberers or woodsmen of the Canadian forests, are invaluable for a campaign, not only being well able to help themselves in the bivouac, or in crossing rivers, but also being able to assist the regular soldiers in many ways—hutting for instance.

HUTTING.

20. The underground huts used in the Crimea, with a simple roof placed over them, afforded good shelter, and were inexpensive. Soldiers might be practised constructing them, digging out square holes, if on a hill-side so much the better ; but the open plain will do also—a window at one end, a door, with steps inside to descend to the floor at the other gable. If there is no canvas or tarpaulin for the roof, thatch will do, or branches of fir trees.

21. The usual huts are of rough stones, some take the trouble to make sun dried bricks for huts, walls of wattle and daub, &c. The "lean-tos" used in the American woods are very good ; two forked sticks planted in the ground, a ridge pole between them, poles resting on this, and the whole top and sides covered with branches or with canvas ; in front, the fire of logs. These half houses are the favourite "camp" of the hunters, but

they sometimes content themselves with a screen of bushes set up to windward.

WELL-SINKING.

22. The handicraft of the well-sinker is an important one on service, troops sometimes suffer greatly for the want of a sufficient supply of good water. In dry countries, like Africa and New South Wales, it is of great consequence to know how to find water at all, and when found, if it is brackish, to know how to distil it, by boiling and collecting the steam, or condensing the steam in a gun-barrel laid in water, the fresh water dropping from the touch-hole ; or if impure to filter it by passing it through moss, sand, charcoal, &c., whilst a small piece of alum will purify gallons of turbid water. The use of dirty water to allay raging thirst is the cause of much sickness.

23. Carrying water in bags is practised in the East, where barrels might soon fall in pieces with the heat, if left empty. There is a mode of carrying a small supply of water in

a bladder with the assistance of a couple of skewers ; small tin water-flasks are the handiest for service, and not wooden barrels.

COOKING.

24. Food, and how to cook it, are matters of the first consequence always. When salt pork is the ration, a little goes a great way ; and a slice " frizzled " at the end of a forked stick is not a bad dinner with the addition of a large biscuit. Broken biscuit may be improved by throwing hot water over a couple of handfuls, and stirring about in them a little grease. Newly killed meat is best dealt with by chopping it up with an axe or billhook, and cooking it in the frying pan. Boiling lumps of fresh meat, especially hurriedly, makes it tough and difficult to chew or digest. If rice is well boiled, men will soon get fond of it, but as a moist pudding it is not inviting. One lesson in rice boiling will suffice : first boil the water briskly, proportioning the quantity of water to the rice,

say a quart of water to a cupful of rice, then throw in the rice, boil briskly for a quarter of an hour, without stirring the rice, strain off the water, which use as a drink, sweetened; dry the rice by the side of the fire in the pot. Every particle will be found separate and well cooked.

25. If there is flour, a small iron plate makes good cakes; or balls of flour may be well kneaded with the hand, and toasted like potatoes at the fire. Soups are best made by slowly simmering whatever can be found to put into the *pot-au-feu*. Salt-meat and rank wild-fowl can be used by changing the water used in boiling once or twice. There are no tea-pots, usually, in the field, but a muslin bag will make good tea in a tea-kettle. Clear coffee is easily managed by taking the pot off the fire three or four times, when it comes to a simmer, and then letting it settle.

MAT-MAKING.

26. Mat-making is useful, and is easily

acquired. Straw or reeds may be used, with strings. In the East Indies, much of the comfort of the people is derived from mats; they make walls of mats, and hang up mats to windward, and wet them, to cool the air behind them, in the hot season.

TENTS.

27. How to pitch and secure tents is very important. Those unacquainted with tents will very soon have them about their ears in rain, or blown away, perhaps in the middle of the night. Among young campaigners, there are many tent accidents. The accomplished author of the "Art of Travel," Mr. Galton, gives many valuable hints about tents, and lately presented models and specimens, illustrative of the art of travel, to the Royal Institution at Woolwich, which are well worth examining carefully.

28. Soldiers should be practised how to secure tent-ropes in sandy soil by bushing and burying sticks; how to drain the ground

round tents should be shown; the effects of wet on tents, in lifting them suddenly from the ground; how to pitch a tent for a permanency, building a low wall round it, sinking the floor, having it paved, arranging a fire-place in a tent, strengthening a tent-pole with side-pieces at the joint; how to repair a broken tent-pole by lashing a rough stick to it; how to support the pole on a log when the floor is sunk, &c. The use of awnings, when there are no tents, may also be shown. In hot climates, and the sun nearly vertical, a square awning on four poles is cooler to pass the day under than any tent.

29. A whole regiment may be encamped without any canvass tents, under the blankets of the men, four men occupying each *tente d'abri*. The blankets to have eight holes worked at the corners and middle of the edge; two rifles are set up on their butts at the distance of the length of a blanket; the rifles have small plugs in the muzzles; a ridge-rope, pegged down to the ground, con-

nects the muskets (passing round the plugs); two blankets are held up lengthways, and four corner-holes are passed over the muzzles of the pieces; the blankets are then drawn out, and pegged to the ground; the remaining blankets of the four men are of use inside. The 14th Regiment had their blankets prepared with worked holes, in the Crimea, and they were used instead of tents occasionally, when the camp was cleaned.

FIRE.

30. Fire-lighting is a great art in the field, when there are no lucifer-matches. The young campaigner would be rather at a loss, and might smile, when desired to make a fire with a bunch of dry grass, and with a piece of tinder inside; but when this is lighted with a flint and steel, and blown with the mouth, or the bunch swung round in the air, and a flame ensues, incredulity ceases. Small chips of wood are, of course, best to begin a fire with, and a great log will

keep up a fire for many hours. Burning-glasses are sometimes carried to light a fire. In South Africa, the brass tinder-box is the favourite apparatus for kindling a fire, with the assistance of flint and steel.

COOKING.

31. Gipsies cook, their pots suspended by a hook from three sticks, set up triangle fashion, or in a small tent of four wands, with a piece of blanket skewered round them. The usual bivouac fire-place is a hole dug in the ground, or three or more stones placed together, and the fire made between them, the camp-kettle resting on the stones. Fuel may be economised by boiling six camp-kettles at once, half of each being over the same hole. In America, the pot is suspended over the log-fire at one end of a horizontal stick, the other end being firmly fixed in the ground.

RAFTS.

32. If a regiment were to reach the bank of an unfordable river, without a soldier in it skilled in woodcraft, they would all be "brought up," and might look in vain for the means of crossing to the other side, but if there are trees there, and a woodsman, he will soon make rafts of logs bound together with withes or cords, and float the whole across. In the East, gourds tied round the waist are used for crossing rivers. In Africa, a wooden horse, or a tree with a peg in it, for the swimmer to hold on by, and kick out with his feet. Bundles of grass and reeds, and corked bottles secured inside the shirt easily support a man in the water.

FISHING.

33. Fishing is a great recreation for soldiers, it should be encouraged as a pastime, and to give variety to the mess.

HORSES, &c.

34. How to take care of horses, cattle, and sheep, should be learned. Wet, cold, and indifferent fare destroy the lower animals as well as men, but horses are often too much cared for, and confined in close stables for the improvement of their coats, and to save trouble in cleaning them. Taking horses so treated suddenly into the field kills them, their lungs and their system generally not being prepared for hardships. In Lower Canada, the hardy horses from cool stables are driven to church on Sundays, and in the middle of the winter, perhaps covered with perspiration, they are tied up to a fence, and left there, and are coated with ice before the service is over, and without injury. However, it is miserable to see horses standing out in rain, and without roofs, if a roof could be got for them. Bushes, arranged as circular kraals, prevent cattle and sheep straying.

HANDY-MEN.

35. Soldiers should, of all things, try to become what is called handy-men, they are very valuable in a regiment, as they can apply their hands to so many useful things, and are likely to be the best settlers.

USEFUL REWARDS.

36. The Adjutant-General, Sir George Wetherall, when in command of a regiment in Canada, rewarded good-conduct-men by allowing them to work for the farmers and at gardening; this was not only encouraging to the men, but prepared them for settling when the period of their service expired. The Royals were always employed about their barracks on useful fatigue duties. Accustoming men to the use of the pick and spade, in camp and quarters, cannot be too much insisted on.

MORAL COMMAND.

37. All the above "helps and hints" for soldiers as preparations for settling, will be valueless without *self-control*, and due regulation of the passions. When a soldier becomes his own master, he is apt to be led away by the designing, particularly if he is a handy-man; but if he is firm, he can easily shake off those who might injure him, and trusting in Providence, and in his own energies, will set about, with all diligence, establishing himself in a new and honourable position to gain his livelihood, with or without the assistance of a pension.

THE END.

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